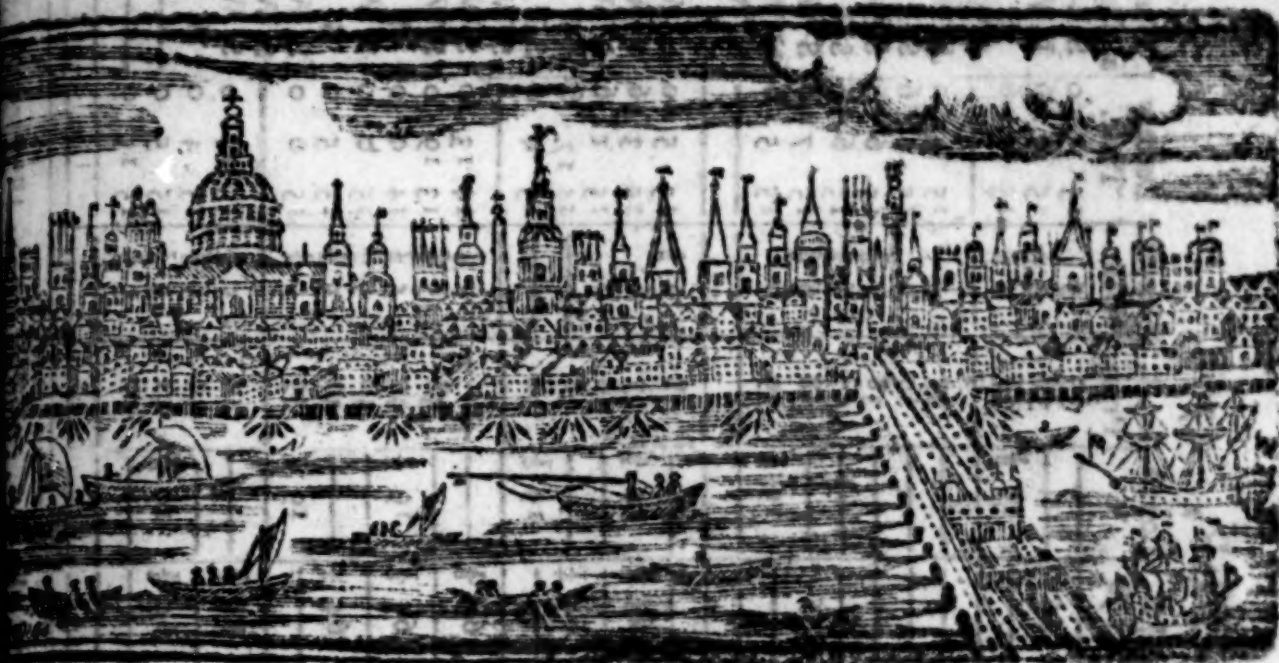


THE LONDON MAGAZINE :



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For NOVEMBER, 1778.

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A beautiful Engraving of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq; from an original Picture.

AND

A new Map of the Colony of RHODE ISLAND, &c. by Kitchen.

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29	113			63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	61 1/2		33 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SE	Rain
30	113					65 1/2	66 1/2				66 1/2		19 1/2	4 1/2	15 5	NW	
31	Sunday						66 1/2							4 1/2	15 5	S	Fair
1	111 1/2	143 1/2	30 1/2			65 1/2	66 1/2	60 1/2		63 1/2	65 1/2			5 1/2	15 5	SW	
2				54 1/2			65 1/2				65 1/2			5 1/2	15 5	SW	
3		143					65 1/2				65 1/2			5 1/2	15 5	SE	Rain
4						65 1/2	65 1/2				65 1/2			6 1/2	15 5	SE	
5	112 1/2			63 1/2		65 1/2	65 1/2	60 1/2			65 1/2	66 1/2	19 1/2	6 1/2	15 5	SW	Fair
6	Sunday	144				65 1/2	65 1/2				65 1/2			6 1/2	15 5	NW	
7							65 1/2									NW	
8							65 1/2									SE	Rain
9	112			63 1/2		65 1/2	65 1/2	60 1/2			65 1/2	65 1/2		6 1/2	15 5	NW	
10				63 1/2		64 1/2	65 1/2				65 1/2	65 1/2	19 1/2	6 1/2	15 5	SW	Fair
11	112			63 1/2		64 1/2	65 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2		6 1/2	15 5	NW	
12						64 1/2	65 1/2				65 1/2	65 1/2	19 1/2		15 5	SE	Rain
13	Sunday			62 1/2		64 1/2	65 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2			15 5	SW	Cloudy
14		142 1/2		62 1/2		64 1/2	65 1/2				65 1/2	65 1/2		5 1/2	14 13	SW	Fair
15	112			62 1/2		64 1/2	65 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	19 1/2	5 1/2	14 13	W	Rain
16	111			62 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2			64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	NW	
17	Sunday			62 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2				64 1/2	64 1/2	19 1/2	5 1/2	15 5	SW	
18						63 1/2	64 1/2				64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SW	Fair
19	112			62 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SW	Rain
20	111			62 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2			64 1/2	64 1/2	19 1/2	5 1/2	15 5	SW	
21	Sunday			61 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2			64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SW	
22				62 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2			64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SW	Fair
23	111 1/2			63 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SW	
24	111 1/2			63 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2	19 1/2	5 1/2	15 5	SW	
25	110 1/2			62 1/2		63 1/2	64 1/2	59 1/2		62 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	SW	Fair
26		142	62 1/2			63 1/2	64 1/2			62 1/2	64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5	W	
27						63 1/2	64 1/2				64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5		
28						63 1/2	64 1/2				64 1/2	64 1/2		5 1/2	15 5		

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RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN Esq.
Author of the Rivals, Duenna, School for Scandal &c.

Published by R. Baldwin Dec: 7th 1778.


THE

LONDON MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1778.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

(With an elegant Portrait, from an original Picture.)

HE very great reputation this gentleman has justly acquired as a dramatic writer, early in life; joined to the pleasing expectations the public has a right to form, that he will continue for many years to produce subjects of fresh entertainment for the numerous admirers of chaste and lively comedy, were the inducements to circulate throughout the kingdom, a striking resemblance of this favourite author.

It is likewise in conformity to a custom invariably pursued in our work, in which may be found by references to the indexes, the portraits and memoirs of most of the eminent men of our own time, that we now give a likeness of Mr. Sheridan.

As to memoirs of a life, not yet advanced to a third part of the duration which we wish it may be extended, they must necessarily be short, and only calculated to gratify transient curiosity. Such as we have been able to collect are therefore only inserted, to avoid the imputation of negligence which might have been incurred by a total silence on this subject.

Mr. Sheridan is the eldest son of Thomas Sheridan. Esq. who has been many years a capital actor on the theatres of Dublin and London; and he likewise distinguished himself in this metropolis, by his celebrated lectures on Elocution, frequently delivered to crowded and polite audiences; an excellent Treatise on British Education, and other works of erudition. Literary genius seems to have been innate in this family, and to have descended in regular succession, for his grandfather is celebrated by Dean Swift, with whom he kept up a literary

correspondence, as a man of great learning. And his younger brother has just given a strong proof of his abilities as an historian, by an excellent history of Sweden.

Our dramatic author was born in Dublin, but his father settling some years in London, he received his education at Harrow-School, and might probably be designed for the bar, but it does not appear that he particularly devoted his time to the study of the law; for we find him, after he left Harrow, passing some years at Bath, and frequenting the social circles of that agreeable place. There he married the celebrated Miss Linley, who had for some time attracted the admiration of the public by her vocal powers, and it is a happy circumstance for Mr. Sheridan, that he has indemnified us by the exertion of his own talents, for the loss sustained by depriving us of her enchanting voice. On his removal to London he entered into the law society of Lincoln's Inn; but was soon diverted from all thoughts of the bar, by his attention to the theatre. We believe Mr. Sheridan's first literary performance was classical, being a translation from one of the ancient Greek poets.

But as his great reputation is built on his dramatic writings, we shall confine ourselves to them, and give some account of them in the order they were produced.

The Rivals, his first attempt in comedy was performed at Covent-Garden Theatre on the 17th of January, 1775, and not being received with strong marks of approbation, it was withdrawn after the first night, when several alterations were made, and it was performed again on the 28th, and well received. Though it had not so great

great a run as his other pieces have had, yet the critics then discovered a natural ease, sprightliness, and wit in the dialogue; surpassing that of his contemporaries, so that it was foretold, he would be the first comic author of the age.

On the 21st of November in the same year, this opinion was universally confirmed at the first representation, on Covent-Garden theatre, of *The Duenna*, a comic opera of three acts; and the run of this piece exceeded that of the famous Beggar's Opera, when it first came out.

In short, it was performed with very little intermission during the remainder of that season, and the next. It still continues a favourite amusement, and never fails of bringing full houses.

In the spring of the following year, a very entertaining new farce, called *St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenants*, was performed for the benefit of Mr. Clinch, which has lately been owned by Mr. Sheridan, and is now frequently performed at Covent-Garden theatre.

Upon Mr. Garrick's retiring from the stage, and selling his share in the patent of Drury-Lane theatre, it was purchased jointly by our author, his father-in-law, Mr. Linley, and Dr.

Ford, an eminent physician; and on the 9th of May, 1777, Mr. Sheridan brought out his celebrated comedy, intitled, *The School for Scandal*; for an ample account of which we beg leave to refer to our Magazine for May, 1777. Vol. XLVI. p. 228. This, in our opinion, is the master-piece; but it is impossible to conjecture what a fertile imagination, and an improving knowledge of mankind and of the drama, may hereafter produce.

The Camp an entertainment still new, and of which we gave an account last month, is the last of Mr. Sheridan's theatrical productions. It is said he has a comedy and a comic opera nearly ready for the stage; we heartily wish him that success he is entitled to from his assiduous endeavours to give an agreeable variety to our theatrical presentations.

Mr. Lacey having since sold his share in Drury-Lane theatre to Mr. Sheridan: the department of acting manager has been undertaken by Mr. Sheridan, senior, which leaves his son more at liberty to pursue his extensive plans, one of which is, the conduct of the Opera House, purchased by him and Mr. Harris, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre.

T. M.

L E T T E R IV.

ON THE CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE FRENCH NATION COMPARED WITH THE ENGLISH.

(The Subject continued from June Magazine, page 245.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I HAVE left you for some time to the enjoyment of your own reflections on the propriety of the characteristic epithet given to the present age by the French; and I flatter myself, that the observations you have made on the manners of our countrymen and women of fashion in the voluptuous and luxuriant metropolis of Great Britain enable you to subscribe freely to the sentiment. This is absolutely *the age of taste*.

Our next enquiry must be directed to the solution of the following problem. - How came it so? And this naturally leads me into a digression, not a disagreeable one I hope, as it must be the subject of the present letter.

The Age of Taste owes its origin both nations to female influence. male influence began its reign at once in the time of Charles II. of England and in the latter part of the life of Louis XIV; but its empire was firmly established till our day. The difference between the character of women in both countries towards the close of the last century, and that of the present race of females will perhaps account for the tardy establishment of the Age of Taste.

There was an ambition in the women of rank of the first æra, to be the troneesses of men of letters and ingenious artists. The mistresses of monarchs; (for queens were laid

1778.

like old robes) especially Madame de Maintenon laid claim to the title of a woman of genius, and she deserved it, not by her writings alone, but by the encouragement she gave to learned men; France in her time produced a number of ladies celebrated for their learning, the female influence therefore which prevailed then was limited to the sensible part of mankind, and served only to strengthen the Age of Genius. Fribbles, blockheads, and macaronies had no chance of succeeding with women of this character; and consequently the attractions of dress, equipage, and luxury were disregarded, for the company and conversation of men of sound understanding, and brilliant mental endowments.

A sketch of the character of the women of France of the present time will point out the reverse of the case, and, as it is well known, an Englishwoman of fashion cannot exist without a close imitation of the manners of French ladies; from a review of the first we shall be able to account for the empire of taste founded on the universality of female influence, and the levity and insignificance of the present age of women in high life.

Of all the women in the world, the French best deserve a description of their good and bad qualities; because such is the infatuation of the people of quality in all the courts of Europe, that their manners and customs, good or bad, like their language, are the standards of taste.

No women are so easy of access nor so readily give their company to strangers when it can be done with decency; provided these strangers are furnished with recommendations from persons of rank, or known reputation. With such allports you obtain free admission to their houses, almost at any hour, and they suffer you to accost them familiarly wherever you meet them abroad, and they will give you every demonstration of polite regard, which it is usual to pay to their most intimate friends.

At first sight you are seldom prejudiced in their favour, but the graces of their behaviour soon efface all personal defects. In general, nature has not been so favourable to them, and beauty is rather scarce in France; but the want of beauty is supplied by numberless attractions calculated to ensnare the heart,

and to make a more durable impression.

Independent of the custom of painting, so universal in France with women of quality, it is hardly possible to see the whole of a French lady's face, not only on account of the multiplicity of ornaments with which her head dress is surcharged, but because she is in such perpetual motion, that she is continually varying her position, and exhibiting her face in different attitudes. One may aptly apply to her the *Vultus nimium lubricus aspici* of Horace.

In the midst of this constant agitation there are two objects on which the French ladies endeavour to fix the attention of our sex—their teeth and their eyes. What constitutes the beauty of their eyes is not so much the form or colour, as the poignancy and life they give to their conversation, inasmuch that by steadfastly looking at a French lady just ready to speak, you can partly guess by her looks what she is going to say; her eyes are the text, which requires but few words of explanation.

Those who set a value on the innocence and reserve peculiar to the countenances of the English ladies, are apt to censure the force of expression discernible in the eyes of the French, as an indication of too much boldness, and of a total forgetfulness of that delicacy and modesty which are at once the glory and security of the sex.

A young Englishman on his arrival in France, does not at first conceive any great inclination for the ladies of that country: when he compares their artifice and coquetry, transparent through the slight veil of politeness, with the modesty and ingenuousness of his fair countrywomen, the French ladies lose the day; but his sentiments change as soon as he has formed connections with them; in spite of his attachment to simple artless beauty, he yields in the end to their powers of seduction, and their triumph over him is the more complete, because it is gradual, and he neither perceives the commencement nor the progress of his defeat.

The custom of mixing in all companies, gives the French ladies a degree of sagacity and penetration, which is not inferior to that of the men, even on subjects properly belonging to the male department, and the freedom of their conversation on subjects of the first consequence increases and extends their influence

influence till it includes ministers of state, churchmen, generals, and admirals, and makes *petit-maitres* tremble.

Women in general have more natural eloquence than men, but the French ladies by habit acquire a larger portion than those of any other country: though they have an indefatigable volubility of tongue, the variety and vivacity of their conversation renders this universal fault of the sex, imperceptible in them. If persuasion be not only the sign but the object of true eloquence, they certainly merit the prize, for they are so versed in the art of insinuation, that it is almost impossible to resist, when they undertake to win our consent. They are under no constraint: their husbands never traverse their inclinations; they are permitted, or rather they take the liberty to go wherever their pleasure or business leads them. Provided they are successful, they give themselves little or no concern about the opinion of the world respecting their allures. The husbands

are too civil to make enquiries into the reputation they bear abroad, and the wives in their turn leave their husbands at full liberty.

This is the reason that France is a country where gallantry is the reigning and ruling passion, and is seen in a less odious light than elsewhere: but this will not lessen the infamy of reducing lewdness to a regular system, by means of a tacit convention between the two parties, from whence proceeds voluntary separations disgusting to society, destructive of its harmony, and of the parental and social ties; each possessing different apartments, servants and equipages, and what is worse the men have a total indifference for children that they are persuaded are not their own. But that I may not tire your patience, on a subject almost inexhaustible, I must beg leave to continue it on a future occasion.

Hague, August
26, 1778.

THE ENGLISHMAN

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

COVENT-GARDEN,

Wednesday, Nov. 4.

THIS evening a new farce, called *The Invasion; or, A Trip to Brighthelmstone*, was performed at this theatre for the first time; the principal incidents of which arose from the apprehensions of a superannuated old baronet resident at Brighthelmstone, who gets a serjeant and drummer to instruct himself, and his domestics in the *art of war*, in order to repel the French, whom his own credulity, and the plots of his son's valet represent as actually landed, and investing his house.—The fable, opens on rather too wide a scale for a farce, and consequently is wound up more abruptly than the author himself might wish.—The piece is said to be the first dramatic production of an Irish gentleman. The dialogue is neat, the characters though not new, sprightly, and the whole enlivened with a vein of humour, sometimes rather too farcical.—The Baronet's review of his *household phalanx*, headed by the *cook-maids*, with a pair of *check curtains*, with old *escutcheons* in the corners, by

way of *colours*, and followed by his footmen, groom, carters, cooks, labourers, &c. with *spits, pick-axes, flails* &c. &c. is a ludicrous contrast to the *Cox-heath by candle-light* at the other house. The under plot is simply this: the old gentleman is made to believe that two French officers by their interpreter demand the surrender of his castle and a very large sum of money for his ransom. The pretended officers are his daughter's lover and her brother in disguise; who by this stratagem gain the lady, and an ample fortune in ransom money.

The baronet on the discovery of the plot (after paying the money) consents to the union of the happy pair, and reconciled to his son, with whom he had been at variance.

The piece was received with general applause, and promises to be a favourite farce for this season.

November 23.

AT the same theatre was performed for the first time a new comic opera, entitled, *The Lady of the Manor*.

The dramatis personæ as follows.

M E N.

Sir Wilful Wildman - Mr. Quick.
Young Wildman, his } Mr. Vernon.
Nephew - - - }
Sir John Manly - - Mr. Mattocks.
Farmer Sternold - - Mr. Wilson.
Clodden - - - - Mr. Doyle.

W O M E N.

Lady Lucy, otherwise } Mrs. Mattocks.
Flora - - - - }
Mrs. Townly, other- } Miss Brown.
wife Laura, - - }
Cicely the Dairy Maid Mrs. Farrel.

The story of the piece is simple, although the incidents, naturally arising from the characters and circumstances in which it is founded, are intricate and complicated enough to afford a sufficient variety of occasional suspense and surprise, to entitle it rather to the name of a *Comedy* than that of an *Opera*.

Sir John Manly and Young Wildman, like Aimwell and Archer in the *Beaux Stratagem*, take a ramble into the country to mend their fortunes by looking out for a wife for the former, the object in pursuit being the lady of the manor, a country cousin of the latter. Their carriage accidentally breaking down before they arrived at the manor-house, they solicit and obtain a night's lodging of Farmer Sternold; whose house are at the same time entertained Lady Lucy and her London friend Mrs. Townly, who, disguised in the dress of country lasses, are amusing themselves with the humours of a *repas-héar*. The ladies, under the advantage of their masquerade, having turned the design of our gentlemen adventurers, take it into their heads to contrive a *Belle's Stratagem*, in return for the plot projected by the *Beaux*. In the course of this contrivance Sir John Manly becomes seriously captivated by the charms of Lady Lucy, under the character of Flora; while his liber-

tine companion Wildman makes love alternately to Mrs. Townly, under the character of Laura, and to Cicely the dairy maid. In reward of Sir John's real and honourable passion for Flora, he is in consequence married to her; at the same time a laughable revenge is taken both on him and his friend Wildman, for the mercenary design of the one, and the licentious liberties taken by the other.

In the execution of this design, Lady Lucy assumes her own character, and Mrs. Townly that of Laura's lover, who sends young Wildman a challenge, and gives him the meeting in man's apparel to resent the insult offered to his supposed sweetheart's modesty. In this duel young Wildman is made to believe he has mortally wounded his antagonist, and under the terrors of condign punishment, is brought before his uncle Sir Wilful, who affects to be a stranger to his person, and appears anxious to put the law in force against him as a murderer; proposing, however, if he will supply the place of the supposed deceased, and marry the girl, to soften the evidence against him.

In the midst of the ludicrous dilemma, into which Wildman is now thrown, Mrs. Townly enters alive and unhurt; and, on the discovery both of her assumed and real character, he is so positively proposed by Sir Wilful, as a husband to Mrs. Townly, that both parties assent to the proposal, and the piece ends with a double marriage.

The general outlines of this performance are professedly taken from the *Country Lasses* of Johnson, and the *Custom of the Country* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was tolerably received, but is not likely to have a run; respect for the composer of the music, being the only circumstance that gave it a chance of surviving the first night's representation.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

Concise History of the Proceedings of the present Session of Parliament, begun and ended at Westminster, on Thursday the 26th Day of November, 1778. Being the Fifth Session of the Fourteenth Parliament of Great-Britain.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

November 26.

His majesty being seated on the throne with the usual solemnities, the Communion with their speaker attended at the bar, and the king opened the session by the following most gracious

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have called you together in a conjuncture which demands your most serious attention.

"In the time of profound peace, without pretence of provocation or colour of complaint, the court of France hath not forborne

to disturb the public tranquillity, in violation of the faith of treaties, and the general rights of sovereigns, at first by the clandestine supply of arms and other aid to my revolted subjects in North America, afterwards by avowing openly their support, and entering into formal engagements with the leaders of the rebellion, and at length by committing open hostilities and depredations on my faithful subjects, and by an actual invasion of my dominions in America and the West-Indies.

"It is, I trust, unnecessary for me to assure you, that the same care and concern for the happiness of my people, which induced me to endeavour to prevent the calamities of war, will make me desirous to see a restoration of the blessings of peace, whenever it can be effected with perfect honour, and with security to the rights of this country.

"In the mean time, I have not neglected to take the proper and necessary measures for disappointing the malignant designs of our enemies, and also for making general reprisals; and although my efforts have not been attended with all the success, which the justice of our cause and the vigour of our exertions seemed to promise, yet the extensive commerce of my subjects has been protected in most of its branches, and large reprisals have been made upon the injurious aggressors, by the vigilance of my fleets, and by the active and enterprising spirit of my people.

"The great armaments of other powers, however friendly and sincere their professions, however just and honourable their purposes, must necessarily engage our attention.

"It would have afforded me very great satisfaction to have informed you, that the conciliatory measures, planned by the wisdom and temper of parliament, had taken the desired effect, and brought the troubles in North America to a happy conclusion.

"In this situation of affairs, the national honour and security call so loudly upon us for the most active exertions, that I cannot doubt of your heartiest concurrence and support. From the vigour of your counsels, and the conduct and intrepidity of my officers and forces by sea and land, I hope, under the blessing of God, to derive the means of vindicating and maintaining the honour of my crown, and the interest of my people, against all our enemies.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"I will order the proper estimates for the service of the ensuing year to be laid before you; and when you consider the importance of the objects for which we are contending, you will, I doubt not, grant me such supplies as you shall judge necessary for the public service, and adequate to the present emergency.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I have, according to the powers vested in me for that purpose, called forth the militia, to assist in the interior defence of this country; and I have, with the greatest and truest

satisfaction, been myself a witness of that public spirit, that steady ardour, and that love of their country, which animate and unite all ranks of my faithful subjects, and which cannot fail of making us safe at home and respected abroad."

As soon as his majesty was withdrawn, and the house cleared of the brilliant and numerous company of ladies, the usual motion was made by his Grace the Duke of Chandos for an address of thanks to his majesty for his most gracious speech from the throne, and assuring him of the steadfast and hearty support of the house in the pursuit of such vigorous and effectual measures as his majesty in his great wisdom, should judge most expedient for the vindicating and maintaining the dignity of his crown, and the interest of his people against all our enemies.

An opposition to this motion was made by the Earl of Coventry, which brought on debate; no amendment was proposed, but an absolute negative on the motion. The address was likewise opposed by the Earls of Bristol and Shelburne, and other lords of the minority, and supported by the Earls of Sandwich, Gower, Suffolk, and Weymouth.

The chief arguments of the lords in opposition turned upon the present unfortunate situation of public affairs, the nation being nearly exhausted by an impolitic, unjust war with America, and engaged in another with the ancient enemy of this kingdom; deficient of allies, and sinking under the weight of taxes, and all through the mismanagement of administration; it was therefore judged highly improper to address the crown with offers of support to measures they could not approve, and to continue a government which had involved this country in so many calamities, and obstinately persisted in them, when they were not able to conduct, which was the true reason of the want of success mentioned in the speech.

The lords in administration entered in the general defence of their measures in the suit of the war, and Lord Sandwich particularly excused Admiral Keppel from the imputation of blame in the engagement of Brest; but as the same subject of accusation against the ministry was more fully handled in the House of Commons, and the defence made by Lord North was very ample and explanatory: we shall only observe for the present, that the bar of the House of Peers was exceedingly crowded, and Lord Shelburne's speech giving great satisfaction, many members, forgetting the dignity of the occasion, expressed their approbation by beating their canes on the floor, and making a great noise; upon which an order was given to clear the house instantly; and not long after the question was put, when the house was divided, and the numbers were for the address 67 - against it 35. The house then adjourned before nine o'clock.

[To be continued, as usual, in our next issue.]

JOHN BUNCLE'S REFLECTIONS ON SEDUCTION.

(See our Review for September, Article XLV.)

*If a flame all dishonest be vilely profess'd,
Through tenderness must I incline,
And seek to indulge the repose of a breast
That would plant endless tortures in mine?*

DEAR MARIA,

THE servant that waited upon us at table, was a clean, pretty, delicate, country lass. Neatness and simplicity were her apparel; her ornaments were innocence and modesty; and, on my word, Maria, she appeared more graceful than many a duchess at a birth night! how superiour, O! nature, are thy embellishments to the little contrivances of art; to the vain conceits and whimsical inventions of whimsical mortals!

I was pleasing myself with the prospect of happiness this young creature probably enjoyed, beyond persons in a more elevated station. I hoped that, at such a distance from the seat of seduction, she might escape those snares which abandoned men lay to destroy humble and dependent beauty. Her agreeable person and artless manners, I thought I, will probably engage the heart of some honest rustic, with whom she may live happier in the dowry of mutual affection, than legal prostitutes with all their abundance. It really moved me to learn, however, that this young creature was infected with that baneful disease, more fatal than plague, a curiosity to see the town. She had conceived the idea, like many other inexperienced girls, that the city was a place where all are gay, rich, and happy; and where large wages, numerous vails, and their mistress's smiles, exalt every servant to the ap-
proach, and almost to the rank of a gentleman. We attempted to undeceive the girl; we represented to her the ineligible situation of most servants in London; that they burrowed under ground, breathed a close, unwholesome air, and were inevitably doomed to live in darkness and filth, deprived of those pleasures a rural situation naturally affords, without being in a state to enjoy those pleasures to the place. We warned her that she would be secluded from almost every innocent amusement and inticed
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LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

by every guilty one. We hinted the danger to which her unprotected beauty would be particularly exposed. She resented our admonitions, which suggested apprehensions so much to her dishonour; and she supported her resolutions, by citing a few scattered instances of the remarkably fortunate, whom she considered as vouchers for her own success.

After the girl had quitted the room, I could not forbear lamenting to the company, that a person so well disposed, and so void of art, should indulge a curiosity that may prove her ruin! Who knows, said I, but that this innocent creature, whose sensibility will scarcely allow us to suggest a hint which respects her virtue; who shrinks like the sensitive plant, from the approach of an idea that might sully her reputation, will, in the space of a few months, fall into the hands of some vile seducer, lose her innocence, that richest treasure, and degenerate into the most insolent, indecent, and abandoned of her sex!

" 'Tis true, says Mr. B——, there are too many instances of a similar nature which authorise your apprehensions. But while we pity them, it is impossible to think of the guilt of their betrayers without horror and indignation.

" Although seduction is scarcely admitted into the list of crimes by the polite world, yet in my opinion it is a vice, productive of more horrid consequences, and heightened by more circumstances of aggravation, than any one perhaps in the black catalogue. For is there a crime in which all the principles of honour, honesty, and humanity, are so shamefully violated? What can be more unjust than to desire a gratification, to the ruin of the object that bestows it? What can be more cruel than to destroy the peace of an innocent, it may be of an hospitable
and

and benevolent family; than to contaminate a spotless soul; to expose to lasting infamy and perdition, one who might have sustained an honourable station in life; and to reduce to a public nuisance, the most amiable part of our species? And what can be more base than to make love, that noble passion! to make a generous affection and unbounded confidence in a man's honour, the source of all these miseries? to prey upon the tenderness and humanity of the sex to their destruction? This is, adds our worthy friend, his cheeks glowing with honest indignation, this is, without exaggerating, worse than brutal cruelty. It is true, the hungry lion will devour the lovely and inoffensive lamb; but they are of a different species; the fierce tyger may spring upon the unwary traveller; but he was a stranger; familiarity and kindness might have subdued his savage nature: the crocodile will destroy those whom his hypocritical tears have deceived; but even he does not make love the mask of his cruelty: he never swore fidelity, nor does he seek to obtain a confidential affection, in order to accomplish his plan of destruction. It is peculiar to man, to civilized and accomplished man, to the fine gentleman, to prostitute honour and conscience, to sacrifice the noblest feelings of his nature, in order to indulge a brutal appetite.

Let them not plead passion as their excuse, for where there is a genuine passion, there will be affection; and where there is affection there cannot be cruelty. Professed lovers betray a want of passion, or they would not require fresh objects to excite it. Yet be it so; what a despicable slave to his lusts is that wretch, who wrestles with every honest principle, and every humane feeling in order to gratify them! he ought to be banished from the society of men, and made to herd amongst goats and satyrs. Is it a principle of vanity that prompts them to so much mischief? Of what mighty achievements have they to boast? They may be able to debauch the mind of many a young credulous female, without any pretensions to beauty, wit, or courage. The low arts of lying, hypocrisy, obsequious flattery, and watching every unguarded moment, are the only qua-

fications requisite. The highwayman may boast of heroism; even the lurking thief and desperate assassin lay some claim to courage: they are exposed to dangers from resistance, and suffer ignominious punishments if detected. But where is the fortitude of betraying an artless girl, and violating the chastity of an unwary female, formed by the softness of her nature to compassion, and left unrevenge, as she was unprotected by any other laws than those of honour and humanity."

These noble sentiments were expressed in a manner which indicated Mr. B—— to be peculiarly affected by the subject; and so indeed he was; with how much justice the following narrative will explain.

"I was once intimate, said he, with a very worthy family, rather above the common rank in the village of D——, which is but a few miles distant from Buckingham. They thought themselves blessed with a daughter, their only child, of whom they were dotingly fond. Every pleasing, every anxious thought was about the welfare of their Nancy, for so their child was called. The natural sweetness of her temper, and her amiable and dutiful deportment towards her parents, were the best apologies for the extravagance of their affection. The charms of her person were inferior to her other excellent qualities. She was the envy of her own sex, the admiration of ours, and gained the heart of many a neighbouring youth.

One of those miscreants whom providence has cursed with a fortune, whom the refinements of fashionable life have polished away every sentiment of virtue and humanity; who vaunts themselves, not by any scale of utility to the public, but in proportion to numbers they have ruined, and difficulties they have surmounted in accomplishing their horrid purpose. One of these destroyers was prowling about as usual in search of his prey. He happened to see Nancy as he was riding through the village. He struck with her appearance, and quivering about her at the inn, he came enamoured of her charms. He exulted in the fortunate discovery, and meditated her ruin!

He returned to the village some

ter, very much weakened, apparently by a dangerous illness, but in fact by some brisk cathartics he had taken give him a temporary indisposition. He took lodgings at the inn, under a pretext of being peculiarly delighted with the beauties of the country; al- though also that his physicians had recommended rural exercise, in order to complete his recovery. He soon found means, by the mediation of his host, to become acquainted with this benevolent family; who, commiserating his indisposition and solitary state, gave him a free invitation to their house. He gained their confidence by great candour and circumspection, and confirmed it by insinuating that a dis- appointment in love had been the real cause of his illness. Poor Nancy pitied him from her soul; and she at- tempted, by a thousand friendly offices, to dissipate the counterfeited gloom that lay upon his brow. He gradually became more cheerful and entertain- ing. At length he affected to have conquered his former passion, and to be resolved ever to banish from his heart, the cruel and ungenerous crea- ture who had occasioned his misery. He made to Nancy a tender of his heart; declaring that the compassion she had discovered, and her lively and engaging company, had greatly con- tributed towards his cure, and won his affections. The artless girl could not possibly suspect his baseness, her pity had already prepared her to the kindred impression of love. Thus thus gained her affections, his next step was to corrupt her prin- ciples. This he attempted by affecting refinement of sentiment; by extolling mutual affection and sympathy of soul, the marriage of nature; by ridicu- ling the ceremony as a matter of meer form, which was perfectly indifferent to himself; and by representing boundless confidence as the only genuine test of love. He promised her marriage immediately, but raised many objections to being immediate; by which how- ever the ardour of his passion could by no means be restrained. He raised in her a curiosity to see and partake of the diversions of the town. He silenced every scruple relative to her parents, by assuring her that their anxiety would be abundantly recompensed, by the tidings of their daughter's happy

and advantageous marriage. In a word, the villain plied every art of seduction, and in a dreadful hour he succeeded! She paid for her credulity! She was lost by her humanity!

Soon after Nancy had eloped with her gallant to town, I happened to call upon the family, with whom I was upon a very familiar footing, totally ignorant of the event. The servant informed me that her mistress was in her chamber very much indisposed. Without enquiring into particulars, I ran up stairs with my usual freedom. The darkened room and deep silence of the attendants, checked my hasty steps. I enquired after her health. The husband sat by the side of her bed, in too deep a reverie to notice my entrance. I drew aside the curtain, and repeating my question, received a languid look of recognition as the only answer. I inadvertently enquired for her daugh- ter, and expressed my wonder, that the dutiful Nancy was not by to tender her cares. The name roused this wretched parent from her stupor. "Oh! my child, my child, says she, with wildness in her eyes, my child is lost for ever!" Imagining that the cold hand of death had prematurely cropt this lovely flower; I attempted to ad- minister consolation, and began to ex- patriate upon the evils she had escaped, and the happy change she had made in being removed from this dangerous and tempestuous world. The mother shrieked and fainted; and her husband, who had hitherto been wrapped in pensive silence, wrung his hands, and heaved a groan that pierced me to the soul! I found that some how or other, I had driven a thorn where I intended to pour in the balm.—By proper assistance the disconsolate mother recovered from her fit, and looking at me with a counte- nance inexpressibly eager, "Oh! Sir, would to God I had followed her to the grave, she would have left us with innocence and honour, and her soul would have been happy!"—Again she fainted; these intimations left me speechless. I was unwilling to believe the fact they hinted; and yet I dared not enquire for an explanation. Com- fort her I could not; the case did not admit of it. I sat by the bed, petri- fied as it were by the general distress, and became an additional figure in this mournful group!"

"Oh, thou lovely creature! Subjoined our benevolent host, a tear of compassion moistening his eye, was it to satiate the lust of a seducer, that thy mother watched over thy growing charms with such anxious care! was it for this, that thy kind parents bestowed every accomplishment a rustic education could afford! fatal charms! beauty accursed! how did they gaze upon them with raptures, and fondly think the loveliest swain unworthy to possess thee! was it that thou mightest fall a sacrifice to dishonour, that thy mother wearied heaven with her prayers for thy recovery from a dangerous disease! happy! inexpressibly happy, if heaven had given her supplications to the wind, and taken thee unsullied into the realms of innocence and bliss!"

The whole company were greatly af-

fectured by this interesting narrative. Our imagination ran over these scenes of distress, and for some time we continued silent. At length compassion prompted us to make enquiries after the injured family.

"Alas, Sirs, answered our friend, such a stroke is irreparable! this was an anguish which time itself, that sovereign antidote to most calamities, could never have assuaged. The disconsolate mother died the same evening. She is gone to those regions where the wicked cease from troubling. A deep and irrecoverable melancholy seized the father, who survived his wife about a twelvemonth. And as to the unfortunate girl, she was soon abandoned by her lover, and left to support a miserable existence by vice and ignominy!"

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE ROCK; OR, OBSERVATIONS ON THE DELICACY OF A TASTE FOR RURAL PLEASURES.

WRITTEN IN VIEW OF A FINE PROSPECT.

WHAT a sight is here for one who admires the simplicity of Nature! seated upon the point of a rock, I behold, under my feet, an infinite number of little islands, which are shaped, either exact or angular, according to the caprices of the waves which encompass them. In this situation I seem to be, as it were the god of the source from whence the waters descend upon the plains. Nature permits me, at least such is the flattery of imagination, to reign over the spot where she exhibits her beauties to the utmost advantage. What freshness in the air! every breeze is embalmed. What fragrance in the herbs, which, in springing around me, vegetate the very rock, and cover it with verdure! The day-break begins to dissipate the shades of the night; but the soft light comes on so gently, that the shades are dispelled imperceptibly. The dark veil which lately hung upon the brow of nature is removed for a mantle perfectly transparent. Already one half of the heavens is illuminated. The birth of a new morning is announced by the voice of animated nature. The rising zephyr rustles amongst the leaves; from the neighbouring cottages ascend the wreathes of smoke, which declare

the alarm to awake, and the season work. The planet Venus also disputes for a while the empire of the morning, but after the contest of a few minutes, she vanquished retires, and leaves the triumph of Aurora complete. And now her triumph is indeed rapid. Too lively an emblem of human happiness. Nothing so brilliant while it is advancing, nor so short as its continuance. The tender colours of the morning presently give place to the more animated of noon. The radiant sovereign day seems vertically to dart his glory into the bowels of the earth. One may observe his beams mounting columns across the sphere. The mountains appear to be composed of flame. What interesting objects! is it possible that I should be the person who am buried in contemplating them? If such fail, what can contrived to excite and rouse the curiosity of man?

Notwithstanding these reflexions, certain that there are many persons, persons of genius and understanding too, who prefer very different pleasures of the country to those of the street, the graces of our gardens, and the elegant beauties of our terraces. I

778. I, so greatly am I devoted to pure nature, that I am of this number, and have the folly to imagine, that thus seated upon a jutting of my rock, I taste a more elegant satisfaction than is to be found in the best ordered suit of rooms in London. Methinks I could voluntarily yield up the residue of my life to this moral solitude. As yet, the day is not very far spent, and I will see if my philosophy does not deceive me. Behold me then resolved to take my frugal repast in a cavity of the mountain. This day will I realise that poetical simplicity which I have so often observed to flourish in printed description. But soft, I have just such a hollow place as suits my purpose. The rock broken and gapped in several parts, opens a passage to streams of living water, whose murmur and cadence promise me light sleep, and gentle dreams. Is it possible I should envy the luxury of cities!

But, alas! am I not alone? False, foolish question; nature is with me: she deigns to speak; she talks with the frankness of a friend. I hear her divine voice come like music into the recesses of my retreat; and her delicious conversation it is which gives me still greater distaste to the jargon of the world, and to the insipid softness of gallantry.

The heat of the sun is at this moment intense; but the depth of my grotto secures me sufficiently from those torrents of effulgent light which are darted on its summit. The panting animals seek the shade; the birds make themselves curtains of the branches: they all pass in repose and in covert, these hours when their vegetable food is robbed of its relishing freshness; and the kindly dews of evening shall restore its flavour.

Now it is then that I live to myself: my books follow me into my retreat. They forbid that I should break off entirely my commerce with mankind. Incapable any longer to annoy me, I have here leisure to descend into their parts, and carry the light of philosophy into those gloomy labyrinths where they seduce our reason. Separated from those mists of error which envelop the headstrong passions, I will now be a calm spectator of all their manœuvres. Seated in this solitude, I may secure my virtue, disengage my

senses from those frivolous fetters in which foolish women have bound them, and feel renewed the force of my understanding and the force of my reason.

Thee too, immortal Truth, thee will I follow! Flattery and ambition I discard; and even thou (wicked offspring of idleness and pleasure) *Love*, thou shalt either fly my presence, or abide it, and be disarmed. Esteem only shall regulate my future choice; and surrounded as I am by the chains which I know thou hast forged, I will still be free. Tender without ostentation, faithful without effort, ingenuous without art, and virtuous without disguise: such are the qualities which henceforth shall characterise me. Be it thine, tyrant of the soul, to extend thy cruel sceptre over cities; demand the homage of thy servile slaves; govern an infatuated world, and advance even to the throne. Be it thine to evince, in the same instant, feebleness and force. Tranquil in the sacred retreat of my rock, I defy thy malice and thy power. From a friendly opening in front I behold, at a distance, the immense theatre of thy follies, and I make a mere amusing speculation of that passion which other men convert into a serious circumstance. But farewell intruder; twang thy bow at bottoms that are vulnerable: farewell.

A more engaging scene presents itself; it is this moment passing under mine eye, and is every way worthy a philosopher's attention. The sun is preparing to set; the freshening zephyrs of evening attend him; a light more soft and delicate descends from the top of the trees and gilds their trunks. I breathe the charming odours which come wafted to me by the air. All is sweetness and serenity. It seems as if pleasure came to this very spot to unbraid her beautiful tresses, and to expand the fragrance which enriches them around her. Philosophy, reason, and innocence are met together: I see their fair forms now before me. Ah that I could for ever reside in my rock, where every object endeavours to fix me!

Base and busy world adieu; I have not a wish ungratified. But soft! whose equipage is that now crossing yonder plain? What troublesome companion is bending his course this way? Can a man never be private? Ha! surely

surely I should know the face that I observe through the glass of the carriage. Certainly that female.

Gracious Heaven it is Amanda—it is my wife—it is herself: she knows—she perceives—she beckons me. Her dear children, pledges of our affection, are putting their little hands out of the chariot, and inviting their father whom they see at the mouth of the rock. There is my worthy friend Manlius also, by the side of Amanda: they are all coming to upbraid and chide me for my absence. Ah! how could I leave them for so many hours.

Philosophy, philosophy, what art thou to nature! Solitude, solitude, what art thou to society? Rock fare well: what a happy supper shall I have to night at my own fire side! Meadows and fountains adieu! The night cometh on, when only the human face and the haunts of men can delight us. Ye may amuse the heart when the sensibilities are asleep, but when the fair forms of wife, children, and friend appear, the most enthusiastic votary will run from thy beauties, in the same manner as I now run into the arms of Amanda!

THE HISTORY OF NANCY PELHAM.

(Continued from p. 457.)

MR. TRENCHARD did not reach Mr. Harmel's till three o'clock, and as he had appointed to dine at one, the company had been waiting near two hours, and were just sitting down to table, not thinking he would come. He made a proper apology, which they willingly accepted. When the table was cleared and servants withdrawn, Mrs. Harmel asked him if he had had the honour of seeing the baronet? He replied, "I have seen my father, madam!" and appeared to be greatly affected. She asked how he was received? He only said, "very well," and waved the discourse. After sitting about half an hour, he asked Dr. Butler if he would take a ride with him, and the Doctor assenting, they both went into his post chaise and took a ride round the Circus, as the place was called, being a road round several enclosures without the Borough. He took this opportunity to give the Doctor an account of his reception; and told him he must return to the manor, but was resolved not to lodge there, until he knew whether his wife would be as welcome; therefore, Sir, added he, you may expect me at your house to night, unless you hear from me to the contrary. The Doctor gave him excellent advice, and Mr. Trenchard, after putting him down at his own door, proceeded to the Manor. He now entered it with more pleasure than before, and sent up to acquaint his father, who desired he would attend him; he found his

aunt, his brother and sister, the physicians, and Dr. Brice in the chamber. The physicians said Sir William's nerves were in an unhappy confusion and recommended rest and a still chamber, upon which they all retired, except Dr. Brice. Mr. Trenchard then went to his father, who now could smile on him, and asked him where he had been so long? he wondered he had not seen him since the forenoon, if they did not let Sir William know he was engaged the day before, to dine with some of his friends. Ah! said his father, they have a better title to your company than I!—I have forfeited my right! with a deep sigh! Pray dear Sir, say no more on that subject. I beseech you, replied Mr. Trenchard. Dr. Brice then addressed Mr. Trenchard, was glad to see him there, and invited him to his house. But the latter excused himself, as he did not know whether he could find time. The Doctor then went away, and Mr. Trenchard sat half an hour, but had no further conversation, for he persuaded his father to lie quite still; and he would have sat by him all night but the old gentleman would not suffer it; he therefore wished him a good night, as it was time for him to try sleep, and told him he hoped to see him better in the morning. Mrs. Manlius followed him down, and after a few words on Sir William's symptoms, took up his hat, and wished her a good night. She begged him to stay a little longer.

anger; he would have excused himself, saying he was expected at Dr. Butler's, where his friends would call to see him, and he must write home before he went to bed; but she insisted on his tarrying half an hour as a favour, he sat down, and they had some free conversation. She could not get him to say he was satisfied with her conduct to him for six years; yet he treated her with great respect and politeness. She felt the distinction he meant to keep up; for he made no professions of particular affection: his brother and sister joined them, and he drank a glass of wine with them. They were urgent with him to stay and lodge there. Mrs. Pelham said his father would be very much grieved if he knew of his going to sleep out of the house, but they would not prevail. He said he should be sorry to grieve his father, but he would not stay by any means. Mrs. Pelham asked him if he had made up to the contrary? No, Madam, he gave a positive vow, only a conditional one—and looked serious. He again bowed and took his hat. Will you be so good, said Mrs. Trenchard, as to let us have your company at breakfast, it will be very obliging, Sir, and I will return the courtesy by taking many thanks from you and Mrs. Trenchard at once. As soon as I know I shall be welcome: he, smiling, took her hand and said he intended to pass the whole day with them, and to begin it as early as they pleased: with this he departed. His brother was glad he was so far reconciled: they talked over his behaviour, and agreed to let matters rest for the present, and not urge him to speak on any subject he declined. After the company broke up at Dr. Butler's, he retired and wrote the following to his wife.

LETTER XXXVIII.

W—n B—h.

MY DEAREST NANCY.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, at four in the afternoon, alighted at Dr. Butler's and was received with sincere affection. They gave me a melancholy account of Sir Wm's situation. I dispatched Frank directly to the house to deliver my compliments to Madam Pelham and desiring to know how

my father did? that I came hither on purpose to see him, and should be glad if he would give me leave to visit him."—I had an answer that did not quite please me. At eight o'clock, honest Billings came to me of his own accord, by him I found they did not choose to tell my father that night. I took it amiss, and spoke warmly to him about it, and told him my resolution not to be played on by an aunt and a brother. In the morning I sent again, only to enquire how he had rested and how he was, the return was "no better." I then went out to visit a few friends; and while at Sir John's, my father sent his chariot and a message for me to come immediately. O my Nancy, I never wanted you more to advise and comfort me! I was too much moved to go just then and therefore dismissed *Thurot* and went in my own carriage. I tried to behave worthy my own innocence; worthy my choice and the object of it. When I first entered the gate and saw my brother at the door, I own to you who know all my bad passions, I felt a mixture of scorn and affection; the former I could not help showing though I tried to suppress it, and therefore spoke not to any of them till I saw my father. I cannot describe what a moving scene passed between us. You know the place full well, the very spot where my mother breathed her last. My father received me with more than tenderness, with strong emotions,—such as denied him the use of speech: The sight of a father in tears, sick, weak, and dispirited—a father I had not seen so many years.—The image of a beloved mother rising to my view—The fear of my father's sinking under the passions that agitated him—a weeping aunt and an only brother both so much strangers though once so beloved—all these conspiring to unman me, what did I not feel!—it was as much as I could do to stand it—I was obliged to exert all the fortitude I had, or I must have left the room and that I could not well have done, for my father grasped my hand so earnestly I dared not withdraw it—on trying once to retire, he begged me not to leave him,—we were almost silent for half an hour,—then he recovered himself a little, and desired every body to leave the room but me. When alone, he asked

me what I thought of him? I told him he appeared to be very ill, but I hoped he would get better—that is not what I mean child, returned he, what do you think of my treatment of you this long time past. The question I told him, was hard put. Ah, son, so it is, I need not ask it. You must have despised my conduct I don't blame you for it—I despise myself.—But can you forgive your father, looking with eager woe. I was silent—Say can you forgive me, repeated he? Forgive my father! Excuse me, Sir, the words shock me, I respect and venerate my father, and I hope I don't allow myself even to feel angry with him. I never was so much lost as to think you was accountable to me. O son, said he, you are more than man if you think you have not a right to be angry. You must have been angry and you must forgive me and tell me you do, or I cannot die in peace. Say you forgive me!—I could not speak, I was pained to the heart. He continued to insist upon it; I begged he would spare me those expressions and believe I esteemed, I loved, and was grieved for him. But he was not to be pacified; then was I obliged to say I forgave him; upon which he said, I thank you my dear son; if my life is spared, I can never atone for the neglect and hard treatment you have met with, but I shall try to make all the amends in my power. Then tears trickling down his cheeks, his lips pale and quivering and his voice interrupted by his agonies; I begged him to say no more, he gave me pain to see him so moved, if he loved me and would evidence it in the kind way he used to treat me, it was enough; I never desired any thing further of him, I never knew the time when I was not willing to sacrifice every thing to his pleasure, but my conscience and internal peace; I had nothing now to wish, but his constant affection, and nothing to ask, but that he would not desire to divide me *from myself*. I was going to say something further, but he interrupted me saying, I understand you: I want no sacrifice, you have suffered enough already; henceforth it shall only be for you to let me know your wishes and I will comply, and if possible prevent them. This is the substance of what passed. I did not all the time mention you, I did not choose it,

because I would have every testimony of his favour voluntarily. I thought, however, he seemed to want me to hint at the cause of our long estrangement; and that more than once he was going to mention it, or you, but finding I did not encourage it, he stopped, for he said once, I am sorry, and then stopped, at another, I wish, and then also stopped short. He was more composed before I left him, and on my rising to go from him, he said, you freely forgive me son, to which I replied indeed I do. Well then said he, go down and take some refreshment, and send Willson up to me, but seeing her coming in he said come back to me when you have dined. I replied, I will Sir, and left him. I hurried down and was going out, for I did not want to see any body just then; when the heart is full of various feelings it wants to retire within itself. But my brother and aunt stopped me and insisted on my sitting down. Mrs. Trenchard was there; I saluted her; she spoke very prettily and is a modest, delicate little woman. I sat half an hour and then went and dined at Mr. Harmel's. There I found Dr. Butler, Collet, Denham, Stains, Evelyn Digby, and Jones, all as it used to be and Mrs. Harmel is Mrs. Harmel still she cannot govern herself, nor has she her eye on propriety, as some body dear to me has.

I returned as soon as I could to the manor, my father seemed very glad to see me again, but the doctors were there and said his nervous system was so disordered, he must not speak nor be spoken to, except what was absolutely necessary. (Dr. Brice was there also.) I sat half an hour and would have stayed up all night with him, but he would not let me, so I left him and returned to Dr. Butler, where I am, and where I shall lodge to night. If my father should be better I intend to return home the beginning of the week; for I am already anxious to see and embrace my dear little ones and the dearer objects of the warmest affections of my dear Nancy's unalterable friend, lover and companion.

W. TRENCHARD

Upon sending this letter to the post office, the servant returned with a note from Mrs. Trenchard to his great satisfaction.

LETT

LETTER XXXIX.

Mrs. Trenchard to Mr. Trenchard.

MY DEAREST SIR,

I AM a good deal uneasy that I have not heard from the Borough since you went away, I fear Sir William is worse, and you did not choose I should know it; I fear you are denied the sight of him, and are too much troubled to write me word. Yet I will not allow myself to think he could do such a thing now. Things often appear so different to us under calamity, to what they do in the gay scenes of prosperity, that I cannot but hope he will relent. If he doth not at first, I trust you will with patience wait the issue of a second, and if that answers not, a third attempt, considering it is a father you have to deal with. Bear with me, my dearest Sir, while I urge you to reconsider what was said between us on the point of concessions. Will you not meet him half way? And yet preserve that noble sincerity, that every one says is Mr. Trenchard's characteristic? But I will not dictate to my chosen Dictator, my beloved Director. Do not be angry that I have hinted my wishes in this nice juncture.

I want to know where you are, and what you meet with and how you feel. Is it ever so dull, it is already felt by your pained sympathizer. The children are well, Nancy is often wishing Papa would come home. My father and mother came over yesterday on purpose to persuade you to go, and were highly pleased to find you gone. Need not tell you all the good things they said, your own knowledge of their excellent dispositions will suggest it. They charge me with their kindest love to you. They intend to come again on Monday and if you are not come, they stay all night. Pray let me know particulars of your father's illness and whether your brother and his wife are well. Madam Masham no doubt will say. I hope, my dear, you will show by your treatment of them what a charming spirit is in a generous forgiveness! (excuse me the liberty) will receive greater honour on the cause of rejection, than any resentment ever deserved. If you have a heart to relent, it will not raise you to that right; to wave that right and condescend to forgive will show the

real strength of the mind they have grieved, and the noble spirit of the man they have appeared to slight, I am very well to day. If I knew when you set out I would meet you at K. Till you return, and after that, till we loose the bands of mortality and drop these dull vehicles of clay,

I am ever ever,
my dearest Sir,
your faithful

A. TRENCHARD.

Mr. Trenchard had little sleep that night, nor can we wonder, after the affecting scenes he had passed through that day; his mind was not easy, for his father had not mentioned his wife. How he intended this silence he knew not, whether it was owing to confusion, want of fortitude, or continued disaffection to her, he was wholly ignorant: how to behave if he should find the latter prevailing, he was at a loss, various were the sensibilities of his mind, he loved his father, but he loved his wife more, and he could not bear to have the least slight put on her, nor would he without resenting it. He determined to be silent about her, unless his father spoke first, and was as determined not to be backward in owning his heartiest attachment to her, if properly called to it. He arose early, and went to the Manor before his aunt or his brother were up, and Mrs. Wilson and he had some discourse. She told him, that Sir William did not know he lodged out of the house, they dared not let him, because they knew it would disturb him. She said, he asked whether Billy's wife was in town, to which she replied no, he said he wanted to speak to his son about her yesterday, but he felt so distressed he could not: he was afraid he had grieved him, and I would not if I could help it, said he. She told him no man loved a wife better or was happier in one than Mr. Trenchard; and she believed he would take it well if his father only asked after her. Mr. Trenchard told Mrs. Wilson she was mistaken, a bare mention of her, though he loved the sound of her name, would not do for him in this case; he would not make a compliment of his affections to her, to get the favour of his father; if he could not before marriage, he could much less by a thousand degrees now. But he begged no body would suggest any thing

thing of this subject to his father, but leave him to the free-workings of his own mind, then said he, I can depend on all he says. Upon this, he went up to Sir Wm. enquired how he was, how he had rested, and expressed his joy to find him more calm and his fever not quite so high as yesterday; his father asked him, if he was a doctor, and smiled. Mr. Trenchard said, he had made physick a branch of his study, even at the University; but rather for amusement than usefulness and to satisfy his curiosity, but since he had a family, he thought it might be of advantage to get some insight into the cause of diseases, and the most rational method of relief, which would render him useful in a retired village, and to his own family, and would save expences in slight illnesses; and as he had time, he thought he could not answer it to himself if he was not studious to do good, he had not a great deal to do in active life, and he was never fond of the publick amusements so much in vogue; he loved to be at home, his chief pleasure lay in the domestic sphere. But he did not pretend to much skill, and never confided in his own judgement in cases that were important; yet he could administer little medicines to his poor neighbours and his family. Whether you are a doctor or not, said his father, this I can say, you have done me more good than all the prescriptions of the faculty; but do not think I mean to save fees; you shall have such as no doctor can claim. O Sir, replied Mr. Trenchard, I am paid, if you are the better. Mrs. Masham came in and wondered to see Mr. Trenchard there before her, and on Sir William's saying he has been here this hour, she replied, then he must have risen very early. Mr. Trenchard said, not earlier than he always did, he loved to improve the morning, he generally arose before the Sun. I know who learnt you that, said she, do not wonder you get up, when you must lie alone if you did not. Sir William knew she alluded to Mrs. Trenchard who was remarkable from her youth for early rising; but he added not to her beginning thus to introduce her, because he chose to do that when his son and he were alone. Mr. John Trenchard and his wife then dropped in, paid their duty and all went down

to breakfast. The conversation was general, partly on national affairs, partly characteristical of some great men then at the helm. After breakfast the doctors came in, pronounced Sir William not worse, altered their prescriptions, took their fees, and drove away in their chariots with as unconcerned countenances as undertakers. Mr. Trenchard saw through and detested their mercenary views, he could not bear that his father, because in years, and rich, should be made a may-game to advance their fortunes. He sat by his bed side all the morning, persuaded him to lie still and try to sleep; observed the alterations in his pulse, countenance, eyes, &c. and was convinced he was far from growing better: then he hinted to his aunt and brother, and advised the calling in other physicians. They said it was his place now to direct, he told them no, by no means, he had no business to order any thing there, was he in the same circumstances he was once, he should be at no loss, he would send to the farthest part of the kingdom but he would have the best and begged them to speak to his father or order it themselves. Upon this they full of concern, told Sir William what his son's desires were: he took it very kindly, and thanking him, told him to do what he thought best, and send for the men he most esteemed. Accordingly he desired Dr. Newton of B—, and Dr. Harpworth of M— might be sent for, and two messengers were sent off that very hour, with a letter in the name of both brothers.

He dined with the family, and before he had closed his meal, a servant came to ask him to step up; he arose from table and went to his father whom he found in distress for want of breath; his skin very hot, his pulse high and hard, and apprehending himself near death. Mr. Trenchard was startled, but by a happy turn of thought, ordered the curtains to be flung back for the benefit of a fresh air, and in a few minutes finding his respiration easier, he opened a door into the next apartment, and giving him drink often he was much relieved.

From this morning he never left him; and towards the close of day while the family were gone down to tea, Sir William and he being alone, the former asked him, if he had heard

from home since he came here? He replied, yes; he had a letter last night. From your wife, said Sir William? Yes, Sir. How does she do? Very well, Sir; and your children; well, I thank you, Sir. How old are they? My daughter is four years of age, and my son about nine or ten months. Did you ever see Jackey's wife before? No, Sir. How do you like her? Very much, Sir. She seems to have an amiable spirit, and a feeling heart. Ay! that she has, said Sir William; if you knew her more, your opinion of her would rise. I believe it, Sir, said he, persons of real worth will bear inspection; they are never afraid of day-light; it is the insincere and the superficial who seek to hide deformity under the shade of night. Sir William, after a long pause, said, I cannot bear to have my children and family divided any longer; I have been the means of it; I have hurt you all. Oh! that I had hearkened to my son John, to my sister, to Sukey, to others who have been friends to all. Mr. Trenchard was silent. Sir William proceeded. Come, son, let us be reconciled; let us have but one interest. Mr. Trenchard scarce knew what to say, but at length he replied, I am not at variance with my father: I never voluntarily severed myself from my relations: what have I done to set them against me? Did I ever offend my aunt; ever slight my brother, or speak even lightly of his wife or any of her connexions? No, Sir, to this heart I appeal as to what I have said regarding you—to themselves in what respects them. He was moved, and expressed himself with a pathos: not recollecting how weak his father was, begged him to excuse his emotions, said he had rather keep them to

himself, than be obliged to vindicate his conduct to a sick parent. Sir William replied, you are very kind to me—I wish I was able to bear more conversation and open my whole mind, but I cannot now. His son begged him to turn his thoughts into another channel; it pained him to say a word on this subject now; he had no design to enter on it when he came from home; much less since he saw how ill he was. O my son, my dear son, was all the father could say, but lay and sobbed—until Mr. Trenchard told him he must leave him unless he composed himself. He tarried the evening till supper, and took the opportunity then to leave him, and on going from him, said, I will come and sit by you all day to-morrow, Sir, for I shall not go to church. He went down and ordering his carriage, bid his aunt and brother good-night, not choosing to stay to sup; for his heart was too full, and he wanted to give it vent by retiring, which he did as soon as he arrived at Dr. Butler's.

After the others had supped, they went up and Sir William asked where Billy was—they told him gone out a little way. What did he mean, said he, by saying he would come and sit by me to-morrow? he is not gone to lodge any where else I hope. They looked on one another as not knowing what to say. Come, do not deceive me, said he. On this Mr. John Trenchard said, he believed he would to night, it would be late, as he supped abroad. Where will he be? They believed at Dr. Butler's. I cannot bear that, said Sir William—what so near me and not lodge in the house!—They passed it off as well as they could, and no more was said that night.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON THE EXECUTION OF THE LAWS.

SIR,

It is an observation which history and experience confirm, that the happiness of nations, and consequently of individuals, depends entirely on the wisdom and due execution of the laws, equally calculated for the protection and defence of life, liberty, and property; as well as for the suppression of

violence and rapacity of every kind. In all ages, the internal police of nations hath distinguished them more than the most rapid acquisitions, either by conquest or commerce, as that alone must have characterized them civilized or barbarous, and rendered them permanent or fluctuating. The conquests of

of Semiramis, of Cyrus, and of Alexander the Great; the grandeur of Tyre and Sidon, however splendid and illustrious, were transient and of short duration; while the laws of Solon and Lycurgus made the petty territories of Attica and Laconia, a match for the whole force of an extensive and powerful empire, and have rendered them the admiration of mankind in every succeeding age. While the Spartans continued in the strict observance of the laws of Lycurgus, they were a free and a happy people; they were impregnable and respected by all the neighbouring states. Rome was not more distinguished by her conquests than by the wisdom of her laws; and whilst she persevered in the due execution of them, she was proof against every combination, foreign or domestic. It was this alone which raised her to the empire of the world; but the moment they began to slacken the reins of discipline, when that virtue and honour which commanded a willing subjection from surrounding nations ceased to distinguish them; when that impartial justice which protected the innocent, and enrolled the fathers of the state among their gods, was converted into lawless rapine, cruelty, and oppression; in a word when this motto was no longer, *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*. They first fell a sacrifice to civil cabals, and were at last swept

away by barbarian swarms. While the Roman virtue shone forth in its meridian splendour men's lives were not thrown away at random. The life of a citizen was reckoned so valuable, that a *corona civilis* was decreed to him who had the honour of saving the life of a Roman; and in every rational computation of the riches and power of a state, we find them placed in the number of its inhabitants alone and this very circumstance, independent of all other considerations, plainly evinces, that in those governments where capital punishments are inflicted upon all crimes indiscriminately, there must be some latent defect in the laws themselves, or in the execution of them.

Corporal punishment is certainly one of the great foundations of public order in society, but there are certain degrees beyond which punishments become pernicious, by defeating their own ends, and to ascertain the just and equitable proportions which ought to be established between different degrees of crimes and punishments, must be considered as one of the greatest perfections of political wisdom, and whether our legislators have hit this just and equitable proportion in punishing theft and robbery capitally, shall be the subject of a future speculation.

Mean time, I am, your's, &c.
Bedford.

ACADEMICUS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT is a vulgar adage, but not the less true, "That old things are often the best." It holds good in many instances, and I am of opinion that in the literary walk much may be said in its favour; for I know of several hundred volumes of old books which are as excellent in their kind as old wine; from these I should apprehend many a flower might be gathered to enliven and variegate modern parterres. A magazine, like a flower garden, will be best diversified with all the beauties that can be collected from the different quarters of the globe; and sometimes antiquity itself may give a finished grace to the whole: thus we see the Roman sculptures adorning modern plantations. Struck with this idea, I have sent you some wholesome

maxims on interesting subjects of general utility, extracted, with improvements, from a small volume, intitled *Wits Commonwealth*, printed in the year 1672. It is above one hundred years old, Mr. Editor, and perhaps may not be thought too encroaching once in an hundred years, to remind the fashionable gay world, that there is such a thing as sound wit, whose basis is solid wisdom and pure virtue, or to show the feathered wittlings of the age, the difference between *jeux mots*, smutty repartees, with other decorous attempts at being witty—and real wit. If this specimen is approved, I will select the best part of the treatise and correct it for future numbers of your magazine.

OXONIENS

OF USURY.

Definition. Usury in the Hebrew is called biting; it is an unlawful gain got by an unlawful mean, and that cruelty which doth not only gnaw the debtor to the bones, but also sucketh out all the blood and marrow from him, engendering money of money, contrary to nature, and to the intent for which money was first made.

USURY is compared to fire, which is an active and unsatiable element, it burneth and consumeth all the good that is laid upon it: so the usurer, the more he hath, the more he fireth, and, like hell-gate, he is never satisfied.

An Usurer is a filching and corrupt citizen, that both stealeth from his neighbour, and defraudeth himself.

The intent of Usury bewrays the same.

Usury is the nurse of idleness, and idleness the mother of evil.

Amasis, king of Ægypt, made a law, that the prætor should call every one to account how they lived; and if by Usury, they should be punished as malefactors.

There was a law amongst the ancient Grecians and Romans, which forbade Usury surmounting one penny in the hundred by the year, and they called it *usury*.

This law was after that brought to half-penny a year among the Romans; and, not long after, Usury was taken away by the law *Genuntia*, because of frequent seditions which came through the contempt of laws concerning Usury.

Usury makes the nobleman sell his land, the lawyer his *Justinian*, the physician his *Galen*, the soldier his sword, the merchant his wares, the world its peace.

An Usurer is a more wicked man than a thief, who was condemned but double as much. *Cato*.

Usury is an ancient mischief and cause of much civil discord.

A little, lewdly come by, is the loss of a great deal well gotten.

Usury is like a whirl-pool, that swalloweth whatsoever it catcheth.

That with his gold begets gold begets a slave to his gold.

Inordinate desire of wealth is the spring of Usury, and Usury subverteth credit, good name, and all other virtues.

Covetousness seeketh out Usury, and Usury nourisheth covetousness.

An Usurer can learn no truth, because he loatheth the truth.

Usury taketh away the title of gentry, because it delighteth in ignobility.

Usury oftentimes deceives the belly, and altogether lives careless of the soul's safety.

As the greedy ravens seek after carrion for their food, so doth the covetous Usurer hunt after coin to fill his coffer. *Philo*.

No kind of people in the world are so notorious liars, nor use so much to falsify their faith in all practices, as Usurers.

OF LYING.

LYING is a member of injustice, turning topsy-turvy all human society, and the amity due unto our neighbour.

As certain it is to find no goodness in him that useth to lie, as it is sure to find no evil in him that telleth truth.

The Liar is double of heart and tongue, for he speaketh one thing and doth another.

From truth depraved, are engendered an infinite number of absurdities, heresies, schisms, and contentions. *Socrates*.

The thief is better than a man accustomed to lie.

Thou canst not better reward a Liar, then in not believing what he speaketh. *Aristotle*.

Within thyself behold well thyself: and to know what thou art, give no credit to other men.

Pope Alexander the Sixth, never did what he said, and his son Borgia never said what he meant to do: pleasing themselves in counterfeiting and dissembling to deceive and falsify their faith. *Guiccardini*.

It is the property of a Liar to put on the countenance of an honest man, that so by his outward habit he may the more subtilly deceive. *Bias*.

As the worms do breed most gladly in soft and sweet woods; so the most gentle and noble wits inclined to honour

nour are soonest deceived by Liars and flatterers.

Through a lie Joseph was cast into prison, and St. Chrysostome sent into banishment.

All kind of wickedness proceedeth from Lying, as all goodness doth proceed from truth. *Chilo.*

The Ægyptians made a law, that every Liar should be put to death.

The shame of a Liar is ever with him.

Liars only gain this, that albeit they speak the truth, yet shall they never be believed.

The Persians and Indians deprived him of all honour and further speech, that lied.

The Scythians followed the same law, and condemned them to death that prognosticated any false thing to come.

Cyrus told the king of Armenia, that a lie deserved no pardon.

The Parthians for lying became odious to all the world.

There is no difference between a Liar and a forswearer; for whomsoever, saith Cicero, I can get to tell a Lie, I may easily intreat to forswear himself.

Lying in doctrine is most pernicious.

He that dares make a lie to his father, seeking means to deceive him, such an one much more dareth to be bold to do the like to another.

Liars are the cause of most of the sins and crimes in the world. *Epietetus.*

A Liar ought to have a good memory, lest he be quickly found false in his tale. *Pliny.*

A Lie is the more hateful, because it hath a similitude of truth. *Quintilian.*

All idolatry, hypocrisy, superstition, false weights, false measures, and all cozenages, are called Lying; to the end, that by so deformed a name we should the rather eschew them.

A good man will not lie, although it be for his profit. *Cicero.*

Alexander would consent to nothing but truth, and Philip his father to all kind of falsehood.

Old men and travellers lie by authority.

It is wickedness to conceal the fault of that which a man selleth. *Lactantius.*

Lying in a prince is most odious. *Herodotus.*

OF DRUNKENNESS.

Definition. Drunkenness is that which stirreth up lust, grief, and extremity of love, and extinguisheth the memory, opinion, and understanding, making a man to be a child.

THE ancient Romans would suffer their wives to drink any wine.

That crafty wrestler (wine) distempereth the wit, weakeneth the feet, and overcometh the vital spirits. *Aristotle.*

Wine burns up beauty, and hasteneth age.

Excess is the work of sin, and drunkenness the effect of riot. *Solon.*

Those things which are hid in a man's heart are oft-times revealed the tongue of a drunkard.

Drunkenness is a bewitching drink, a pleasant poison, and a sweet snare. *St. Augustine.*

Drunkenness maketh man a beast, a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. *Origen.*

Plato ordered drunken and angry men to behold themselves in a glass.

The Scythians and Thracians contended who should drink most.

Argon the king of Illyrium fell into a sickness of the sides, called the pleurisy, by reason of his excessive drinking, and at last died thereof.

Sobriety is the strength of the mind. *Pythagoras.*

Where drunkenness is mistress, the secrecy beareth no mastery.

Wine and women cause men to err, and many times put men of understanding to reproof.

The vine bringeth forth three grains: the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of sorrow.

Philip, king of Macedon, made war upon the Persians, understood that they were a people who abounded in all manner of delicate wines, and other wasteful expences; whereupon he presently retired his army, saying, it was needless to make war upon them who would shortly overcome themselves.

Nothing maketh drunkenness more abhorred, than the filthy and beastly behaviour of those men who are so overcome.

machs are overcharged with excess. Steel is the glass of beauty, wine the glass of the mind. *Euripides.*

Intemperance is a root proper to every disease. *Plato.*

Sickness is the chastisement of intemperance. *Seneca.*

A drunken man, like an old man, is like a child. *Plato.*

Drunkenness is nothing else but a voluntary madness.

The Glutton and the Drunkard shall be poor.

Wine hath drowned more men than sea. *St. Ambrose.*

The Lacedæmonians would often punish their children such as were drunk, lest they should learn to loath that

comulus made a law, that if a woman was found overcome with drink, she should die for her offence; supposing that this vice was the foundation or beginning of dishonesty and freedom.

Callisthenes being urged to drink as he did at Alexander's feast, answer-

ed, that he would not; for, saith he, who so drinketh as Alexander, hath need of Æsculapius, the physician.

The leopard, as many write, cannot be so soon taken by any thing as by wine; for being drunk he falleth into the toils.

Drunkenness is a monster with many heads; as filthy talk, fornication, wrath, murder, swearing, cursing, and such like.

Wine is the blood of the earth, and the shame of such as abuse it.

Wine enflameth the liver, rotteth the lungs, dulleth the memory, and breedeth all sicknesses.

The Nazarites abstained from drinking of any wine or strong drink.

Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit; [inermem: Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit Sollicitis animis onus eximit, ac docet artes.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum? Contracla quem non in paupertate solutum?

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

YOUNG KING OF PERSIA TAUGHT WISDOM BY A SHEPHERD.

Young King of Persia, named Behram, succeeded to the throne of his father, at an age in which he was more fit to be governed than to govern; and thinking he was a King without other reason but to consult his subjects for their happiness, he delegated to a Vizir, the whole government of his empire. The Vizir imagined he should never be called to any account for what he did, and therefore greatly abused the power reposed in him; the persons, whom he employed under him, followed the private interest of their master, considering their own private interest, instead of the public good, for which they were responsible. The troops were ill-disciplined, and therefore they neglected their duty, all sorts of order, justice, and discipline, were now no more, and the army began to revolt. The prince was late informed, that his subjects would no longer obey him. He awoke himself from his lethargy, and considered how he could prevent the mischief that threatened him: his counsellors, who were awed by the presence

of the Vizir, acquainted him with the complaints of the people, but were afraid to discover the cause. One day as the prince was walking in a pensive mood, reflecting upon the misfortunes that surrounded him, he observed a Shepherd hanging up his dog upon a tree. "What has that poor dog been guilty of, said the King, to the Shepherd, to deserve that ignominious death?"—"What has he done, replied the Shepherd, why he has abused the confidence that I reposed in him. I bred him up from a puppy, and furnished him with food that he might defend my sheep from the wolves; instead of that he has entered into a league with these voracious animals, and is a partaker with them in the booty;—my flock has been destroyed by the perfidy of my dog. The misfortunes of the multitude will always fall upon the governor or leader."—These words opened the eyes of the King; he comprehended that he had done wrong in submitting all to his Vizir, who he was convinced was as

perfi-

perfidious as the Shepherd's dog—he therefore ordered him to receive the same chastisement that the dog had so justly merited. This example intimidated all those, who, like the Vizir, had abused the portion of authority

with which they were intrusted: order and regularity were established in Persia and a King was instructed by a poor Shepherd, how he ought to govern mankind.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. N^o. VI.

ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

(Continued from p. 460.)

— *Quærenda pecunia primum est
Virtus post nummos.*

HOR. I. EP. I. 53.

— *Bene nummatum decorat suadela Venusque.* HOR. I. EP. 6. 38.

IN our last Essay was given the character of him, who, to gratify his ambitious views,

— “From sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin:”

But there remains a different kind of matrimonial connexion, originating in the same principle; that is, when two persons by mutual consent, join their hands, in consequence of their possessions being “already joined in matrimony.” This custom though justified by the sanction of modern practice, is, in many respects, as deserving of censure as those already considered, and equally productive of the most fatal consequences: it is judged sufficient if the object of our attention possesses a fortune capable of maintaining that elevated rank in life, to which ambition naturally aspires; we are dazzled by the shining prospect of wealth and honour, and vices of every kind find it an easy task to screen themselves behind the specious veil: the gay, licentious libertine, after having been a partaker in every scene of dissipation and luxury, prudently resolves to repair his shattered fortune by matrimony.—Can it be supposed, then, that the object of his choice should experience “the sweets of virtuous love” in such a connexion! Can she expect that he, who has divided his time between the gaming-table and the bagnio, will for her sake renounce those pleasures to which he has ever devoted his whole attention?—How vain—how improbable were such an expectation! If she possesses a virtuous mind, and thro’ inexperience gives her hand to such a wretch, the consequence is too obvious to need a description; but if, on the contrary she is happy enough

to be devoid of those fine feelings which distinguish vice in all its various shapes, and possesses such principles of libertinism as we have already described, their unbounded thirst for pleasure will find no uneasiness from the matrimonial chain, as both parties will follow the bent of their own inclinations.

Lord —, by the death of his mother, was at fifteen years of age in the immediate possession of two thousand pounds a year; he was then at Eton school, where his father desired him to continue two years longer, but our hero now considering himself perfectly master of his own time, chose rather to oblige himself, than listen to the admonitions of a father who loved him with the tenderest affection. Being of a lively disposition he had cultivated a general acquaintance among his school-fellows, who now found their interest to preserve an acquaintance which might hereafter be of service.—At eighteen years of age, his father recommended to him to make the grand tour; this request he thought proper to comply with, not indeed from any principle of duty, but because it was agreeable to his own inclination: The tour was made, he followed the usual track, visited every city, but confined his observations to circumstances he might as easily have met with in his native country: an evening walk in the *Thuileries*, and a intrigue with a *Fille-de-Chambre*, or Venetian courtesan, was by him preferred to every information that could be given of the strength, trade, situation, antiquities, &c. of the several places he visited; and at the end

our years, returned to England, if possible, more destitute of real knowledge than when he left it; bringing with him an Italian girl, a native of Poretto.

It would be tedious to enter into an account of the various scenes of dissipation and vice our hero passed through in the next ten years of his life; scenes, the bare recital whereof would shock an honest mind beyond the power of description. His general acquaintance, his strong passions, his insatiable thirst for pleasure, added to the power of gratifying every inclination without control, confirmed the most accomplished libertine, that perhaps, ever assumed the character. On entering his thirty-second year, he found his state and constitution both impaired; the former particularly, though his annual income was (by the death of an uncle) augmented to eight thousand pounds, and he now, for the first time, turned his thoughts towards matrimony; he had long viewed it in a most contemptible light, but now began to reflect in a more serious manner on the convenience and utility that might arise from marrying a lady with a large fortune: he accordingly fixed on the honourable Miss W—— of L——; a lady of an ambitious disposition, who considering the attractive qualities of a star garter gave her hand without resistance, and the nuptials were immediately solemnized. His Lordship was polite enough to sleep in his lady's chamber, the first week, and their behaviour during that period, gave every assurance that their union would be lasting, and that his lordship had exchanged his abandoned character for that of a married man, and an affectionate husband. Ten days after the celebration of the nuptials, an affair happened which, however, put a final period to their imaginary felicity.

A masquerade at —— required his attendance; Lord —— appeared in the character of a Newmarket jockey, and his Lady in that of Iphigenia: she was in her twenty-second year, and possessed every external accomplishment that captivates the heart at first sight; a transparent covering of the finest lawn, was all that distinguished her dress from our primeval ancestors in their *original state*; and a dress bestudded with an immense num-

ber of diamonds, encircled her slender waist: amongst the crowds of admirers that buzzed round this licentious figure, in the course of the evening, none was more assiduous to gain her favour, than the celebrated Capt. ——, in the character of an Adonis: he even brought matters so far as to prevail with her ladyship to take a glass of wine in one of *the rooms*: in the transports of affection the door was left unbolted, and they had not sat many minutes, before a tall mask, whose dress bespoke him a son of the turf, entered; with one of the most celebrated daughters of Venus, in the habit of a Sultana, whose coral lips he embraced with a more than ordinary warmth, and was proceeding to greater freedoms, when the honourable lady on the sofa, seeing him unmasked, gave a loud shriek and instantly fainted: her astonished shepherd gave every assistance in his power, and in a few minutes she was brought to herself: the noble person in boots, did not seem surprised to see his lady in the possession of a stranger; she, however, appeared more conscious of her situation, and with a trembling voice, articulated, "can it be possible that your lordship's humanity will forgive the indiscretion of a wretch who abhors her folly, and promises to be more circumspect for the future?" "Forgive!" returned his lordship "What the D---l have I to forgive, am not I, too, engaged? How foolish your conduct makes you appear." Lady —— blushed, but made no reply; she, however, possessed penetration enough to improve the hint, and politely withdrew, followed by her gentle Adonis. The delicacy of this adventure, made it necessary for our noble pair to repose in separate apartments, and since that time they have lived in a kind of *what we call* it state—insensible (with regard to each other) either to pleasure or pain. When at home, and without company, they seldom see each other before dinner, when the usual compliments of "good morning to you, my lord!"—"How d'ye do, my lady?" pass between them, without the least emotion; after dinner her ladyship generally withdraws, and thus goes the business of the day. Though this lethargy of soul still prevails towards each other, they however indulge their

own appetites in the most lawless gratifications. Lady —— intrigues with her footman, coachman, groom, or his lordship's valet, just as circumstances and opportunity present themselves; and, when tired with these licentious gratifications, *relieves* her mind, by joining the celebrated parties at A——r's, A——'s, W——'s, &c. &c. where, being a novice at play, she is generally *taken in*, by the *knowing ones*. As to his lordship, when the females of his acquaintance prove insufficient, his trusty —— is despatched into the country in search of prey: if he meets with any thing suitable (for be it observed, that his taste is exactly similar to that of Lord ——, and what pleases the one is generally approved by the other) the innocent

victim is hired into "the service of a maiden lady a few miles out of town, where, besides the old lady's clothes, she is to receive extravagant wages, and many indulgencies not due to a common servant." Tempted by the gilded bait, the poor wretch is drawn into the snare, which being so closely wrought as not to admit a ray of light, she dreams not of the danger that awaits her, till awakened by the savage hand of her merciless invader.

This matrimonial picture, though extravagant, is not exaggerated; our daily observations present us with examples of this kind, which being countenanced in high life, render them of a still more dangerous tendency, in an age when the rage of imitation is so universally prevalent.

USEFUL REMARKS ON THE PRESENT RACE OF SERVANTS IN FAMILIES OF RANK AND FORTUNE.

ONE can scarce pass an hour in any company without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent (excepting that of their masters and ladies). Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to show, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence, and extravagance must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

In the first place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited upon by gentlemen and ladies; and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, to submit to any servitude however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our ingenuity into the genteel personages, we think proper should attend us. Hence our very footmen are

adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by being better dressed; and *Joan*, who used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d' hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part of the company. Their diversions too are no less polite than their appearance; in the country they are sportsmen, in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns, and at home have their routs and their gaming tables.

But lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take another method still more effectually to complete the work, which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flappet hat and cropped head, &c. Hence among the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, &c. and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince

their domesticks how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since then we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take so much pains to inform them of their superiority and our weakness, can we be surprised that they despise us, or be displeased with their insolence and impertinence?

As the pride of servants thus proceeds from the pride, so does their laziness from the laziness of their masters; and, indeed, if there is any characteristic peculiar to the young people of fashion of the present age, it is their laziness, or an extreme unwillingness to attend to any thing that can give them the least trouble, or disquietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the dispositions of providence, and the nature of things. They would have great estates without any management, great expences without any accounts, and great families without any discipline or oeconomy; in short, they are fit only for the inhabitants of Lubberland, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs ready roasted. From this principle, when the pride they have infused into their servants has produced a proportionable degree of laziness, their own laziness is too prevalent to suffer them to struggle with that of their servants; and they rather choose that all business should be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it, and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to support it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families; where the domesticks are very numerous, they will not so much as wait upon themselves; and is it not for the friendly assistance of men-women, porters, chairmen, and the blacks, procured by a generous distribution of coals, candles, and provisions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In such it is as difficult to procure conveniences as in a desert island; and one frequently wants necessaries in the midst of profuseness and extravagance. In families I have sometimes been

shut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the use of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my imprisonment I have seen numberless servants continually passing by, the utmost I could procure of them was, that they would send somebody to relieve my necessities, which they never performed. In such I have seen, when a favourite dog has discharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all intreated to depute some one to remove the nuisance with the utmost expedition, but no one has been found in such a house mean enough to undertake such an employment; and so it has lain smoking under the noses of the illustrious company during the whole evening.

I could produce innumerable instances, minute, and unobserved, but well worthy observation, of the encroachments of our servants on our easiness and indolence, in the introduction of most of the fashions that have prevailed for several years past in our equipages, and domestick oeconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleasure, ease, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneasy, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity, for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries are discarded, because badges of servility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addressed of their enormities. By their carelessness and idleness they have obliged us to hire all our horses, and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road, they have forced us into post-chaises, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves as it best suits their own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to redress, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait on ourselves; by which means they

they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us. By their profusion and mismanagement in house-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them board wages, by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public-houses, with money in their pockets to squander there in gaming, drunkenness, and extravagance. The last of these is an evil of so gigantic a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency, and oeconomy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can

pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

From what has been said, it plainly appears that every man in this country is ill served in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants; the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but two maids, and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idleness of their own setting up, are neglected, abused, and impoverished by their dependents; and the king himself, as due to his exalted station, is more imposed on, and worse attended, than any one of his subjects.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. N^o. XIV

Sicuti in hostem ita et in mortem invictus animus fuit.

JUSTIN.

“That magnanimity, which never was depressed by the sight of an enemy, bore him up even against the approach of death.”

DEATH is the most awful and interesting subject on which the thoughts of man can be employed; and I have always considered it as one of the wonderful circumstances in human nature, that, notwithstanding the absolute certainty with which every man knows that he is to die, so great a proportion of life is passed without thinking of it at all. It is true, the precise time and manner of it are concealed from men in general, capital convicts only having that knowledge imparted to them; and this obscurity at the utmost verge of our prospect, instead of shocking the mind as a determinate object of terour does, seems to yield and recede from its approach, and gives room for fancy to form a slender species of hope, which floats in the void, unless crushed by a close examination. But it is surely strange that beings of strong intelligence and vigorous views of futurity should be kept quiet, and prevented from starting by so thin a veil.

In this, as in a thousand other instances, we cannot but discern, with the fullest conviction, the wise and kind operation of Providence, which having found it necessary that we should continue for a time in this state of existence, in our progress to a better,

disposes our minds to receive such degree of apprehension of Death, as make every one, not void of reflexion, resolve at least to exert his endeavours in preparing for his great change while at the same time present concerns, by their immediate influence, preserve his lively and most frequent attention.

The greatest object, if viewed at a prodigious distance, will not affect our perceptions so strongly as a much smaller one that is near to us. Thus it is as to Death and the comparative little objects which occur in the common course of our lives. We are so framed, that what is present must press upon us so strongly as to render us very little concerned about the future, unless we are able to counteract the natural workings of our minds by studied intellectual exertions and contrary habits. This is not to be done to any degree without more than ordinary spiritual acquirements; and such the unceasing effects of mere sensuality and its consequences, that I question if even the monks of La Trappe, whose whole time is spent in the closest seclusion and silence, and exercises of solitary meditation and piety, are able in reality to fix their thoughts upon Death during any considerable part of each

Their form of salutation to each other being the only words which they are permitted to speak, viz. *memento mori*, "remember death"—is a proof that they require to have their recollection occasionally awakened, as Philip of Macedon had one, who every morning in the midst of his magnificence and power, whispered him, "remember, Sir, you are a man."

It has been argued by some ingenious and fanciful men, whose abilities were not great enough to make them be distinguished upon plain and common ground, and who therefore placed themselves on the summits of singularity; it has been argued by such, that the fear of Death is not natural to mankind; that the savage, who is to be admired and envied *as the man of Nature*, lives in health and dies in tranquillity; and that all the dreary notions of mortality have been produced by priests to subject the minds of their fellow-creatures to their influence.

That the fear of Death will be less terrible in proportion as a being thinks I shall not deny. But I suppose few of my readers would incline to be degraded to the state of the lamb, whose inconsiderate fearlessness is so well described by Pope:

Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood."

Neither, I hope, would many be content to obtain an exemption from their awful anxiety, at the price of being turned into savages. That savages have not the fear of Death I do not believe: but if it is so, the reason can only be, that their whole attention is occupied in procuring themselves food and watching for safety, so that their views extend not to futurity more than those of the wild beasts of the desert. For it is matter of demonstration, that if the thoughts of Death come into the mind of man at all, they must strike him with at least a very serious concern.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Julius Cæsar this speech:

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once,
All the wonders that I yet have heard,
Seem to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

Of this passage the two first lines are exceedingly animated; but the rest of it is, in my opinion, an irrational rhapsody. For, surely, it is not the most strange of all wonders, that one should fear Death, since it cannot be disputed that Death involves in it every object of regret, and every possibility of evil. If Death is to be considered as the extinction of our being, I need only appeal to the genuine feelings of every one of my readers for the justice of the reflexions in Addison's celebrated soliloquy of Cato, though lately cavilled at by a French minute philosopher and critick. The thought of being at once and for ever deprived of every thing that is agreeable and dear to us must doubtless be very distressing. If to part with one affectionate friend, to lose one valuable piece of property, gives us pain, what must be the affliction which the thought of parting with all our friends, and losing all our property must occasion. It is in vain for the sophist to argue, that upon the supposition of our being annihilated, we shall have no affliction as we can have no consciousness. For all but very dull men will confess, that though we may be insensible of the reality when it takes place, the *thought* of it is dismal. But no body can be *certain* of annihilation; and the thought of entering upon a scene of being, altogether unknown, which *may* be unhappy in an extreme degree, is without question very alarming. If a man were to be put on board a ship which had landed in Britain from a remote region with which and its inhabitants we are utterly unacquainted, and should know that he is never to return home again, but to pass the rest of his days in that region, he would I believe be reckoned very stupid if he should be unconcerned. Yet death presents to the imagination suppositions still more terrifying.

In the Play of *Measure for Measure* Shakespeare gives us most natural, as well as highly poetical sentiments of Death in the character of *Claudio*, who after his sister has talked with unthinking levity, thus

"Oh! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin"

seriously

seriously expresses himself in a short sentence

"Death's a fearful thing."

and a little after.

"Aye but to die and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death".

Thus an infidel, who has a lively imagination, may upon his own principles be frightened when he thinks of Death. For infidelity, as to a future state, can carry a man no farther than scepticism; and it is sufficient to excite fear in a strong degree, that such horrible situations as Shakespeare fancies, in the verses which I have last quoted, are even possible.

Neither in my apprehension can any man whose mind is not naturally dull, or grown callous by age, be without uneasiness when he looks forward to the act of dissolution itself. A Hypochondriack fancies himself at different times suffering death in all the various ways in which it has been observed; and thus he dies many times before his death. I myself have been frequently terrified, and dismally afflicted in this way; nor can I yet secure my mind against it at gloomy seasons of dejection. When one has found relief by any remedy, however accidental, it is humane to mention it to others. I am therefore to inform my hypochondriack brethren, who may have the same horrible imaginings of Death which I have had, that I have found sensible consolation from a very pretty passage which I chanced to read several years ago in the Critical Review for January 1770. In giving an account of Dr. Stennett's Discourses on personal Religion, a striking and expressive description of the horrors of dying is quoted from that book, upon which the Reviewer has the following reflexion. "It is certain indeed that the fear of Death is one of the strongest passions implanted in human nature,

and wisely ordained by Providence as a sort of guard to retain mankind within their appointed station. Yet, possibly, there are not those agonies in dying which are usually supposed, many things appear more formidable in imagination than they are in reality. When we are in perfect health and vivacity, we have a horrible idea of sickness and confinement; but when we are actually sick and confined, we are more insensible to the pleasures and gaieties of the world and reconciled to the alteration. As our distemper increases, we begin to be disgusted with life and wish to be released. The aspect of Death becomes more familiar as it approaches. As nature sinks into dissolution we gradually lose the power of sensation. The interval of departure is short and transient: the change imperceptible. No reflexion, and therefore no pain succeeds. The soul forgets her anxiety, and sinks into repose; and if there is a pain, there is, upon christian principles, a bliss in dying. We may perhaps reconcile ourselves, in some measure, to the thoughts of our decease, by observing how sleep pervades the human frame, and suspends its operations. With what ease do we pass from waking to sleeping! With how little concern do we part with the knowledge of light and of ourselves! And if this temporary insensibility, this image of Death, steals upon us imperceptibly, if we feel an inexpressible sweetness in that situation, why may we not imagine that the senses glide away in the same soft and easy manner, when nature sinks into the profoundest repose?" There are few more beautiful pieces of writing than this. And indeed I have often wondered at the excellence of writing which I have found in the Reviews, when I considered the authors being anonymous could not be stimulated by the hopes of praise. It is however to be remembered, that immortal Shakespeare himself

"For gain not glory wing'd his daring flight."

And we have seen from the evidence brought by Dr. Shebbeare in a court of justice, that the gain of Reviewers is very liberal. Besides, I can imagine that a Reviewer, after having his mind warmed by the perusal of a good book, and feeling that elevation which attends those who are to give sentence, may have

his powers in greater vigour than upon any other occasion.

Notwithstanding my persuasion that the fear of Death is rational, and will ever be found in a thinking being, I am very willing to allow all proper respect to that firmness and fortitude of which some men are possessed, who while they

are sensible of the awful importance of launching from one state of being into another, support the thoughts of it with a calmness and humble hope becoming at once the dignity of human nature, and the humble confidence of piety.

MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Answers to the Questions in our Magazine for September last.

[141.] QUESTION I. Answered by John the Farmer.

$40 \times 6l. = 240l.$ $40 \times 8l. = 320l.$ $\frac{1}{4}$ of $320 = 80l.$ then $240l. - 80l. = 160l.$ $8s. : 12s. :: 160l. : 240l.$ the barter price per hat to give no advantage.

But $10s. : 1 H :: 240l. : 480$ hatts A must have of B; therefore,

A has cash of B	80l.	} B has 40 cloths worth 6l. each = 240l. Hence B loses 32l. by this barter.
And 480 hatts worth 8s. each	192l.	
	272l.	

Next, to find how much cash x pounds B ought to have had at first of A, to have made an equal barter.

Here $160l. + x : 240 + x :: 8s. : 10s.$ Hence $x = 160l.$ the cash required.

For $8s. : 1 h :: 320l. : 800$
 or $10s. : 1 h :: 400l. : 800$ } Hatts A must have of B.

Now A would have cash	80l.	} And B would have cash	160l.	
With 800 hats worth 8s. each	320l.		With 40 cloths worth 6l. each	240l.
	400l.			400l.
Or A cash	80l.	} And B cash	160l.	
With 800 hats, 10s. each	400l.		With 40 cloths at 8l. each	320l.
	480l.			480l.

Scholium. Here we see what the ancient arithmeticians meant by an equal barter, viz. not only the sum of the cash and real worth of the goods received by A, shall be equal to the sum of the cash and real worth of the goods received by B; but the sum of the cash and barter value of the goods received by A, shall be equal to the sum of the cash and barter value of the goods received by B.

The same answered by B. J. W. — n.

A's 40 cloths at 8l. each amount to 320l. Deduct 80l. one fourth of barter price paid by B in ready money, leaves 240l. for which B gives him hats 10s. each. Now as $10s. : 1 h :: 240l. : 480$ h. These 480 hatts are really worth no more than 8s. each; therefore 480 at 8s. gives 192l. Now it appears that

A gets 480 hatts	192l.	B gets only
Cash	80l.	40 cloths, at 6l. each 240l.
	272l.	

Consequently B is the loser.

In regard to the ready money B ought to have received at first to have made an equal barter.

First find that 80l. will pay for $13\frac{1}{3}$ cloths, at 6l. each. Now $40 c - 13\frac{1}{3} c = 26\frac{2}{3} c$ which are valued to B at 240l. which is after the rate of 9l. a cloth; therefore say as $6l. : 9l. :: \frac{8}{20} : \frac{12}{20}$, and 12s. ought to be the price of the hats in equal barter. Now if $12s. : 1 hat :: 240l. : 400$ hatts; but by the above calculation

calculation A was to have received 480 hats; therefore $480 - 400 = 80$ hats at 8s. each, is 32l. and so much money ought B to have had of A to equal the bargain.

P R O O F.

A	£.
Receives cash	80 0 0
480 hats	192 0 0
	<hr/>
	272 0 0

B	£.
Receives 40 cloths	240 0 0
Cash	32 0 0
	<hr/>
	272 0 0

[143.] QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. George Sanderson, of Doctor's Commons.

Let ADC and CHF be the two semicircles, and KI the given line. Divide AC in B, so that AC may be to AF as CB to CF; to the circle CHF apply FL = BC, and let fall the perpendicular LG; make KP to KI as CG to CF; then (by prob.

18. Simp. B. 5. Geom.) produce KP to O, so that the rectangle POK = BC². Again make KQ to QO as

BA to AC; from the point A to the circle CHE apply QO meeting it in H draw AH, cutting the circle ADC in D, and the thing is done.

Dem. Join DC, CH, HF, and parallel to HF draw CE meeting AD in E, and let BE be joined. Then by similar triangles AC : AF :: CE : HF :: BC : CF (by const.) and by alter. CE : BC :: HF : CF. Wherefore the triangles CEB and CFH are equiangular (Eu. 6. 6.) and BE is parallel to CH. Whence AB : AC :: AE : AH :: KQ : QO (by const.) and AH : QO; therefore AE = KQ and EH = KO. Moreover CHF, BEC, ED and ECH are right angles. Whence by similar triangles CF² : BC² (FL²) : CH² (rect. DHE) : BE² (BC² - BEH) (= BC² - HE² + DHE.) Whence by division CF² - BC² : BC² (FL²) :: HE² - BC² : DHE :: CG : CF :: KI (by const.) but HE has been proved to be equal to KO; and the rectangle POK = BC² (by const.) therefore KP : KI :: KO² - POK : KO x DH KO - PO (KP) : HD, and by alter. KP : KP :: KI : HD, therefore HD = KI the given line as required. Q. E.

The same answered by Mr. George Anderson, of Weston, near Aylesbury Bucks.

Let the lines be drawn as in the figure, and put NF = x, AC = a, CF = AF = d, and DH = c; then bx = FH² by prop. of the circle, and bx = HN², by Euc. 47 : 1, and by the same proportion AN² + HN², or equal d² - 2d - b x x = AH². But the triangles ACH and AHF are similar by the nature of the circle, and likewise the triangles DCH and H. Consequently a² : c² :: d² - 2d - b x x : x². Put 2d - b = e, and we shall

$$e^2 x^2 = c^2 d^2 - e c^2 x; \text{ from which equation } x \text{ will be found} = \frac{\sqrt{4d^2 a^2 + e^2 c^2} - e c^2}{2a^2}.$$

Solutions were sent also by Mr. Thomas Moss, Mr. Ralph Taylor Stretford, near Manchester, Mr. William Francis, master of the academy at Shinfield, near Reading, and others.

N. B. In the above figure from H to HF should be let fall a perpendicular

[144.] QUESTION III.

We have been favoured with several answers to this question, but as they disagree, we hope our correspondents will revise their solutions, and give results in numbers.

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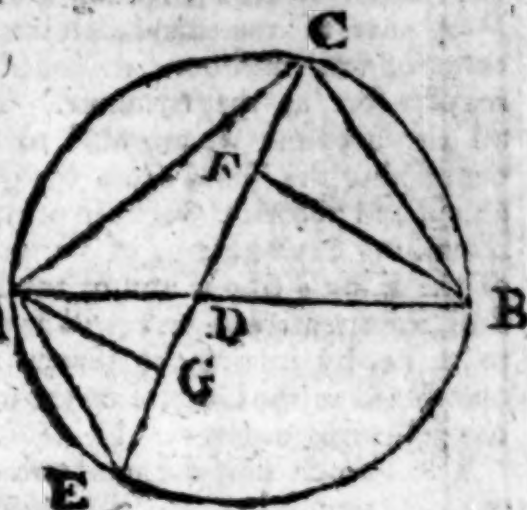
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NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

[148.] QUESTION I.

By Mr. Reuben Robbins.

If any triangle ABC be circumscribed with a circle ACBE and CD be drawn from the vertex C to cut the base in any point D, and produced to meet the circle in E, then making the $\angle CBF = ACD$, and the $\angle CAG = BCD$, and BF, AG, be drawn, CF will be = EG; quere the demonstration.



[149.] QUESTION II. By Theon.

IN a given triangle, to inscribe another triangle of a given perimeter.

[150.] QUESTION III. By Salfordonienfis.

REQUIRED a finite expression for the sum of the infinite series $\frac{3}{1.8} - \frac{9}{.20} + \frac{15}{7.32} - \frac{21}{10.44} +, \&c.$ Also its approximate value, deduced from the finite expression in a decimal or vulgar fraction.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

(With a new, accurate Map.)

IN order to throw all possible light on the operations of the British arms in America, we continue our plan of giving maps of the places where any military transaction happens which government has thought worthy of public notice, by inserting it in the Gazette: together with such descriptions of the seat of war as may make us familiarly acquainted with every spot mentioned in the narrative of any remarkable action. The failure of the French fleet under the command of the Count D'Estaing, and the retreat of the rebel forces from Rhode Island, from which they were driven by the British army and fleet, furnished a very long and interesting account in the Gazette, and its Supplement of the 27th of last month. The map now given, and the annexed description of the principal places mentioned in that account, will render it more satisfactory and intelligible.

dence. In this province there is an unlimited freedom in religion, which occasioned it to be extremely well peopled before the American war. It was then said to contain 30,000 inhabitants. There was also a singularity in the political constitution of this province. They were not obliged to return authentic copies of their laws to the crown for approbation, neither could the crown repeal them; but their validity depended on their not being contrary, but as near as possible, agreeable to the laws of England.

The colony of Rhode Island is situated to the East of Connecticut, which is its boundary to the West. Massachusetts's Bay covers it to the North, and it is separated from New York by Long Island. Its extent will be found by the scale. This island is deservedly called the Paradise of New England for the fruitfulness of the soil, and temperateness of the climate, and though not above 65 miles South of Boston, it is much warmer in the winter; and being surrounded by the ocean, is not so much affected with hot

The smallest of the four colonies that compose New England is Rhode Island, consisting of an island of that name, and the old plantation of Providence.

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hot land breezes in the summer. The chief town is Newport, on the South West part of the island; it has a safe commodious harbour, defended by a regular fort at the entrance. This is all the account we are able to collect concerning the island from the geographical and historical works in print. The remaining explanations of the progress of the King's troops and of the British fleet, the attentive observer will be pleased to make, by tracing the several places mentioned in the Gazette on the map, in the following order.

The French fleet formed two divisions, the one lying in *Naraganset* passage, the other in *Seaconnet* passage. General Pigot's first attack upon this fleet, was by a detachment sent from *Conanicut*, which will be found near the north and south ferrys on the west side of the island. This detachment played their artillery upon the division of the French fleet in the *Naraganset* passage, from the *Beaver's Tail* battery. The other division of the French fleet kept up a brisk fire from the *Seaconnet* passage on *Benton's Point*, situated between the two passages. The fire was bravely returned from that point, from *Goat-Island* and the North batteries.

Lord Howe arrived with the British fleet and the French thought proper to go to sea.

The rebel army then retreated on *Bristol* and *Howland's Ferry*; these will be found to the North and West of Newport, at about ten miles distant. Major General Grey with the assistance of the navy took the fort of *Fair-haven*, the only fort on which the rebels had a strong battery, he likewise took *Bedford*, and destroyed the vessels and stores to the whole extent of *Acushnet river*. By directing the eye to the North-east of *Seaconnet* passage along the coast, *Clark's Cove* will be found, where the detachment of the British fleet anchored for this expedition, and to the north of the *Cove* we shall find *Bedford*, *Acushnet-river* and *Fair haven*. This service being finished, the same ships proceeded farther to the North-east, and thus sailed from *Buzzard's-bay* southward to *Vineyard's Sound*, through the difficult pass called *Quicksets-hole*, anchored without *Holms's-hole* harbour and without opposition received the contributions they demanded from the inhabitants of *Martha's Vineyard*; money cattle, arms, &c.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE LVI.

CONSIDERATIONS on the Mode and Terms of a Treaty of Peace with America. 1s. 6d. Dilly.

Every publication under the above or any similar title, cannot, fail to attract the attention of the humane and moderate part of mankind, who dread the horrors and devastations of war, and ardently wish that all the sons of men would live in peace and christian amity with each other. But the wish is fruitless when applied to great nations, because war is sometimes necessary in order to secure a permanent enjoyment of peace to the individuals composing the body politic, or intire community. The governors of a state may be compelled by the critical situation of their country to have recourse to the decision of the sword, as the only method left for preserving the nation entrusted to their care from sinking into obscurity, poverty, and perhaps captivity.

It is now clearly demonstrated that our ministers, at the commencement of the rupture with America, were not masters of the state of that country; that, totally ignorant of its power and resources, they treated the

first menaces, of resistance with unparalleled contempt, and, that afterwards becoming the dupes of designing men, whose intelligence plunged them deeper and deeper into errors, they at length made open war a necessary political measure to preserve Great Britain from a wretched submission to the overgrown power of her dependent dominions. The sword once drawn, no man in senses, who has the welfare of the governing power at heart, could wish to sheath it again, till either obedience to the power is restored upon its ancient, footing till political necessity obliges the parent to leave her former colonies to their own assumed independency, without any obligation, but at the same time, nobly rejecting all alliance or intercourse with them. The æra of that political necessity is perhaps at hand; but we hope every Briton, who grasp a sword or fire a musket will stand in opposition to the inglorious proposal tendered to their consideration by the writers of this pamphlet. After stating three different modes of obtaining peace, viz; "by truce—by silently and quietly withdrawing our forces from America and ceasing to offend

778. **Heavily**—by destroying every thing before the struggle is given up; he considers these ways as inadequate to the end." A truce would be an acknowledgment of the claimed independency, and like all other truces, being armed and full of suspicion, would prevent the two people returning to their ancient good humour and harmony. To withdraw the troops and leave the Americans to themselves will not have the appearance of the dignity but sullenness of majesty; it will be a proof of the present impotency and future intention of Great Britain, and consequently will beget in the Americans present contempt, and future dread; besides this is at most only a preliminary of a treaty, the essential object of which is the American independency. As to retiring after having done all possible mischief it is the counsel of folly and malice, proceeding from despair, it would for ever shut the door of peace and produce eternal abhorrence.

"There was a time, says our politician, when Britain might have offered independency to America, and have required some valuable return for this concession, but now her independency being established, and guaranteed by one of the greatest powers of Europe, whose influence and example will be followed by others, she will not consider our acknowledgment of it as a favour; she will insist on it in the most perfect, absolute, and unconditional manner." He therefore makes this his first proposition for peace. But Britain it seems wants peace with France as well as America, nay, according to this writer, she cannot do without it; he therefore offers to our consideration, the only mode of making peace—"to make the American commissioners at Paris, mediators between Great Britain and France." Read this, O Britons! and suppress if you can your honest indignation, first, at the audacity of the writer, secondly, at the timidity and folly of a ministry in not declaring war long since against this boasted great power of Europe; such a declaration would have made a pamphlet treason against the state.

Many bold, hazarded assertions succeed this suit on our country. "Spain will follow the example of France; and Portugal, Great Britain being unable to assist her, must do the same. The Dutch for their own interest must acknowledge the American independency, for the Americans will not trade with them but upon that condition. In a short time, the cause of America will be that of a great part of Europe; and to conclude, if we do not very soon negotiate on these terms all over with us—peace is absolutely necessary for our existence as a state, and we cannot grant it without the cession of Gibraltar, Jamaica; and as to France and Holland have hardly any thing to offer to them,

equal to the advantages they will derive from supporting American independency." Alas, poor old England, how art thou fallen in the eyes of thy pretended patriots, and degenerate children!

LVII. *A View of Northumberland, with an Excursion to the Abbey of Mailross in Scotland.* By W. Hutchinson, 4to. 18s. J. Johnson.

An accurate and curious compilation, in which the observations and opinions of the most eminent antiquaries and historians on the history and antiquities of the county of Northumberland, are collated from their voluminous works and properly digested and arranged in one compact book, which however is only the first part of the work: we are not informed by the Editor, but we imagine another volume will complete the whole.

To the lovers of antiquity, and to such of the inhabitants of the county of Northumberland who have a veneration for this part of England, this work will afford ample entertainment; but we cannot subscribe to the author's opinion that its utility to the generality of readers is obvious.

The introduction contains—A genealogical table of the Kings of *Bernicia* and *Deira*, and of those united provinces, under the title of Kings of Northumberland. A state of Northumberland under the Romans. An account of the succession of its Kings under the Heptarchy, chronological and historical; and a table of their coins. We then proceed to the itinerary. Mr. Hutchinson entered Northumberland by the South west point over a branch of the Tyne by a stone bridge leading to the Maiden-way, a Roman military road, near Whitby castle; his descriptions of places in his tour are limited to the antiquities to be found in them, which are amply explained and illustrated by engravings from drawings of his own, and from plates already extant in other works. Several letters from the late Roger Gale, Esq; a celebrated antiquary to Dr. Stukeley and other learned correspondents are interspersed as additional elucidations of particular pieces of antiquity; these letters may be curious but being written so far back as from the year 1729 to 1735, we should imagine that Mr. Hutchinson's own observations on his tour compared with and corroborating or dissenting from the descriptions and opinions of the eminent antiquarians whose works he has analysed would have been sufficient, and to the full as satisfactory. The imaginary drawing of a Roman station, when in the occupation of its proper people. The view of a circular fort, supposed to be Danish, and the South-east prospect of Mail-Ross Abbey in Scotland, to which the author made an excursion, are the principal original plates in the work, and they are really curious.

LVIII. *Friendship in a Nunnery; or, the American Fugitive, by a Lady.* 2 vols. 5s. Bew.

Every protestant parent who has the most distant intention of sending a daughter to a convent for education, ought to read this sensible, well-timed performance. The extended toleration lately granted to the Roman Catholics in Great Britain will throw many people off their guard, and under an idea of enlarged sentiments, and of surmounting prejudices, that justifiable aversion to a Romish education, which has prevailed in this country ever since the Reformation, will subside; many more children will be sent abroad for education, and the convents in Flanders and France will very soon reap the fruits of the industrious labours of the Romish priests in England, who are no longer under any restraint, but are left at full liberty by our wise administration to execute their two favourite commissions—To procure female children for the convents as scholars and boarders,—and contributions from the pious English Roman Catholics for the support of English friars and nuns in foreign countries. We cannot therefore too strongly recommend the description of the mode of education and living in convent-schools both on the low and high pension: that is to say, at the full and half prices. The manners and characters of the nuns: the account of the arts practised on young minds, and their baneful effects on society at large, given in the first volume will be found worthy of the most serious attention. We are sorry the fair writer thought proper to add a second, and to obscure a plain narrative with the fictitious plot and intrigues of romance: which have a tendency to destroy the credibility of the real facts which ought to be exposed for the benefit of society; and can be attested by many living witnesses.

LIX. *Medical Cases, selected from the Records of the publick Dispensary at Edinburgh; with Remarks and Observations. Being the Substance of Case Lectures, delivered during the Years 1776 and 1777, by Andrew Duncan, M. D. &c.* 8vo. 6s. Murray.

The cases selected by this ingenious physician are neither new, singular, nor complicated, but the clear mode of instruction to medical students is worthy of imitation, and may serve as an elegant model for professors whose situation obliges them to read lectures on the healing art.

After a distinct account of every circumstance necessary to be laid before his pupils, as to the nature and progress of the disease of each patient, Dr. Duncan publishes the prescriptions he ordered, and then delivers observations on the cause of the disease, and remarks on the effects of the medicines in promoting the cure. But though the cases are not singular, yet the mode of curing some of them is remarkably so, and for the infor-

mation of practitioners as well as for the benefit of those who may be afflicted with the same complaints, we think proper to give an abstract from two that were treated by electricity.

A woman of sixty-two years of age was admitted into the publick Dispensary, having an indurated tumour in the left breast; from which pains frequently shot towards the axillary glands, which were also swelled. The prescription was as follows. *Illinatus oleum camphoratum parti dolenti mammae, omne nocte bora somni. Accipiat etiam bis in septimanis electus electricos tres ad gradum tertium, ut fluidum electricum per tumorem mammae cursum teneat.* "The part to be annointed with oil of camphire every night at going to rest; and the patient to receive, twice a week three strokes of electricity in the third degree, so that the electrical fluid may have free course through the diseased breast. After the first trial of the electrical strokes, she was better—the ointment was continued and the electrical process increased from three to ten or fifteen shocks three times a week, in the third and fourth degree; it was then gradually decreased, the swelling being much abated, and a copious discharge obtained from an ulceration on the breast. The *linimentum ceraceum* was then applied, the electricity omitted, and she was ordered to take three grains of *pulvis foliorum cicuta* night and morning.

The *cicuta* was continued for some time without any obvious good effect, and the patient being averse to the repetition of the electricity gave up her attendance at the Dispensary, to try the effects of gentle emetics without any other medicine.

The observations upon this case are, that the woman would not submit to the operation of the knife, an operation, says Dr. Duncan, attended with great danger; many instances have happened of patients dying afterwards of cancers in other parts in great agonies. Yet, if performed early, he thinks it the best method to obtain a radical cure. This was not the present case, the tumour had been of long standing, and electricity had been recommended with a view of dissolving such tumours; and though the experiment was not attended with all the success he could have wished, yet Dr. Duncan is of opinion that it may prove a powerful means in renewing circulation through diseased parts: consequently in removing obstructions the cause of cancerous tumours.

The other case is more peculiar. A married woman, in the thirty-first year of age, was admitted for a complaint of difficult and painful deglutition, especially when attempting to swallow any solid aliment. This occasioned so much uneasiness, that for six months she did not eat any thing, but lived entirely upon food in a fluid state.

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was first afflicted with this complaint about a year before she applied to the Dispensary. Not long after it first began, a tumour appeared in her throat which suppurated and soon disappeared. Since that time she had been affected with similar tumours, which had always gone off without suppuration. She had taken mercury to a very considerable degree, and other medicines unknown to her, but without any benefit.

Electrical sparks were produced from the fauces externally three times a week, and she was ordered to take two drachms of the *Tinctura fuliginis* every night at bed time.

In about five weeks, the difficulty of swallowing was removed, the electricity was discontinued, she went into the country and only complained of a fixed pain in her throat.

Observations on this case.—The *tinctura fuliginis* producing a sickness at the stomach was omitted after the first trial, and electricity alone produced the cure. By continuing it for the space of a fortnight only, she swallowed easier than she had done before in six months. A radical cure was effected by electricity alone. It was employed in the way of spark only, as it is in this manner that it exerts principally its action on the extremities of the nerves, and this was the effect chiefly wanted in the present case. The original cause of the deglutition was venereal ulcers. The power of electricity as a medicine is not yet thoroughly understood, nor properly explained.

LX. *A philosophical and moral Enquiry into the Causes of that internal Restlessness and Disorder in Man which has been the Complaint of all Ages.* By James Vere, Esq. 8vo. 6s. B. White.

Our readers will perceive from the following quotation, that the principal design of this performance is to oppose the opinions of the celebrated Dr. Priestley in his *Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit*.

"Man is a body composed of a *body* and *mind*. These two parts of his composition, however closely united, are yet very different in their nature; each having a life, action, and affections peculiar to itself, and distinct from those of the other; though at the same time there is such a reciprocal connexion and consent between them, that a change in the one always produces a change in the other, proportionable to the degree of impression."

This ancient hypothesis, "that man is composed of two distinct parts, body and spirit", Mr. Vere supports by clear rational deductions, from the nature, powers, and properties of the body, and the distinct qualities and affections of the mind. He then gives his definition of the two principles conjoined in man: the one he calls, a mechanical vital principle, endued with such powers of motions, instincts, and affections, as are absolutely necessary for the support and preservation of

animal life: the other an intelligent, reasoning principle, endued not only with great powers over the several bodily organs towards accomplishing its own purposes but also with a consciousness of the right or wrong applications of these powers.

The complaint made by St. Paul of the spirit warring against the flesh, and noticed of old by Pythagoras in other words: is accounted for in a philosophical manner by our author, who attributes the internal restlessness and disorder observable in every man, to the impracticability of maintaining a perfect harmony between the two principles in man for any length of time. His disquiet will be more or less, in proportion as he makes a wrong or right application of the human faculties. For example, when the animal spirits serve under the impetuous command of a depraved will, it is natural to expect they should often be employed on transactions that are impracticable; where the powers of nature are inadequate to the commands of the injudicious task-master: and in such circumstances it frequently happens, that the unrelenting desires of man will continue to provoke, inflame, and aggravate his spirits beyond all the salutary purposes of life. In such cases, no wonder the hapless, wretched man should be disgusted with every thing about him, and more particularly with himself; and imprudently choose to put an end to his life, rather than bear the gloomy horrors of a troubled mind." Thus philosophically does Mr. Vere account for suicide.

It is then our duty to endeavour to acquire such a temperance of bodily constitution as may establish a coincidence between the animal instincts, appetites and demands, and the mind; which will prevent the appetites vitiating the will, and preserve a due equilibrium. Simple diet, temperance in eating and drinking, and abstaining from severe mental exercises of the spirits, such as hard study, are recommended as the means. Upon the whole, this tract may prove a very useful pocket companion.

LXI. *Prince Artbur an Allegorical Romance; the Story from Spenser. Dedicated to Lady Howe,* 2 vols. 5s. Riley.

This is an attempt to restore allegorical writing; which the inhabitants of the eastern world long and fondly admired. Imaginary persons and things were the channels to convey useful truths, and sound morals, in an agreeable, entertaining manner to the mind, and it was imagined that fictitious stories of this nature made a deeper impression, and fixed the moral less or more permanently in the memory than the didactic mode of instruction. But it was an error, and the more enlightened moderns have justly exploded it. The feigned characters of romance, or allegorical poetry, wrought too much upon weak and young minds; the heroes and heroines were considered as models of human perfection, and by endeavouring to imitate

imitate their sublime excellencies, men and women stepped out of the common road of life, and assumed the characters of demi gods, or of demi devils, according as their extravagant notions of things were guided by virtuous or vicious principles. But we will let our author plead for himself. "The beauties of Spenser's *Fairy Queen* lie hid like diamonds in a mine, or rather in their rough and unpolished state: the learned world alone are able to enjoy them; a very small part of the great world, from the antiquity of the language, and the quaintness of the expressions, being qualified to share in that pleasure. For this reason I have often devised how to make the excellencies of it more generally known, and to render the moral precepts contained in it universally instructive. I have chosen the following mode, which I hope will answer this purpose, preserving as many beauties as possible, and keeping as near the original as the different nature of a poem, and a story in prose will allow. The loss of the last books of Spenser's works, obliges me to lengthen out the story and to make considerable alterations throughout the whole, to preserve a proper uniformity, and to bring it to a regular conclusion." The author further professes his intention to inculcate a love of glory, of that laudable ambition which should actuate persons of every rank and sphere of life. On this basis he thinks the king, the statesman, the soldier, the divine, the lawyer, the physician and the merchant all equally bound to cultivate their talents, and to suit them to their respective stations, will be induced to attain the glory proper of their spheres, by this allegorical romance. But it is apprehended he has mistaken the matter; the beauties of Spenser's *Fairy Queen* depend on the poetick imagery, and appear in a different light in prose. Our readers however must judge for themselves. Lady Howe is complimented with a resemblance to the virtuous and fair Una, Spenser's heroine; and the author says he has selected her from the few in this dissipated age who can bear the comparison. He must certainly have been bewitched by his own or Spenser's magick spells to fix upon this good old lady, for the young, blooming, virtuous virgin Una. Bad as the age is, he might have found a fair Una, in the train of British virtuous virgins even of high rank. The dedication and adoption of character is preposterous. Una is a young princess who arrives at the court of Queen Gloriana to implore the succour of some knight to release her royal parents, who are shut up in a brazen castle by a dragon. If potent spells, magicians, necromancers, strange metamorphoses, and all the horrid absurdity of knight errantry do not disgust the reader, he will find himself indemnified at the end of the second volume by an explanation or key to the allegory, which would otherwise be unintelligible.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS THIS MONTH,

Besides those reviewed.
HISTORY.

ORIGINAL Papers, with an authentick State of the Proofs and Proceedings before the Coroner's Inquest, which was assembled at Madras, upon the Death of Lord Pigot, on the 11th Day of May, 1777. Likewise the subsequent Proofs and Proceedings before the Justices at Madras, with the Opinions of the Judges of the supreme Court at Bengal. To the whole are subjoined the Defence of Mr. Stratton, and the other Members of Council accused by the Coroners, and the separate Defence of Brigadier General Stuart, for himself and the Military under his Command. 4s. Cadell.

History of the Military Transactions of the British Troops in Bengal. By Mr. Orme, 2d vol. 4to. 2l. 2s. Nourse.

Anticipation, 1s. 6d. Becket.

POLITICKS.

The Legislative Rights of the Commonalty vindicated; wherein the Right of the People to an equal and free Representation in Parliament, and to annual Elections, is undeniably proved, and the Practicability, Expediency, and Necessity of such a Reformation is made Evident. By John Cartwright. 3s. 6d. Almon.

L. A. W.

Reports of Cases upon Appeals and Writs of Error in the High Court of Parliament from 1701 to 1774. With Tables, Notes and References, by Josiah Brown, Esq; Barrister at Law. The First and Second Volumes. 2l. 2s. Uriel.

A Reply to Observations on two Trials at Law, respecting Mess. Adam's new-invented Stucco, &c. 6d. Bew.

NAVIGATION.

A List of Signals for a Fleet, on a Plan entirely new: With the Flags engraved and coloured. To which are added some Observations of the late Admiral Knowles on Lines of Battle. By Sir Charles Knowles Bart. 5s. Robson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Account of a Transaction that passed in the Year 1778. Rather more correct than that which is called an authentick Account (See our List of Publications for last Month, Page 471.) 1s. Cadell.

A Word at Parting, being a few Observations on a mutilated Sermon, &c. of Edward Evanfon, M. A. 1s. Robinson.

The present State of the West Indies 4to. 3s. Baldwin.

A Pocket of Prose and Verse. Being Selection from the literary Productions of Alex. Kellet, Esq; 3s. 6d. Dilly.

Scotch Modesty displayed in a Series of Conversations that lately passed between an Englishman and a Scotchman, addressed

the worthy Patriots of England, 1s. 6d. Bew.

Thoughts in younger Life, on the most important Subjects. By G. Wright, Esq. Buckland.

NOVELS.

The Wedding Ring, or History of Miss Sidney, in a Series of Letters. 3 Vols. 7s. 6d. Noble.

PLAYS.

The Invasion, or a Trip to Brighthelmston; a Comedy of two Acts. By F. Pillon. Kearsley.

POETRY.

A Supplement to the Court of Adultery, addressed to a Maid of Honour. 1s. Smith.

RELIGIOUS.

Isaiah, a new Translation: With a preliminary Dissertation, and Notes critical, philosophical, and explanatory, By Robert Lowth, D. D. Bishop of London, &c. 4to. 16s. Doddsley.

A Sermon preached in the Cathedral at Hereford, on the 19th of August last, being the Visitation of the Dean. By the Rev. Thomas Home. 6d. Baldwin.

A Dialogue on the Subject of religious Bigotry: Between Candour and Orthodox. Buckland.

Discourses on several Subjects and Occasions. By George Horne, D. D. 8vo. 2 Vols. 10s. 6d. Rivington.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

An EPISTLE from ELIZA to HENRY, written on the Tomb of her Sister CONSTANTIA, who died of Grief, on perceiving an improper Intimacy subsisting between HENRY her Husband and ELIZA.

(Founded on Fact)

By the Rev. T. HAZARD.

HOW shall I paint the miseries I feel
Or how the tortures of my breast reveal;
Words are too weak, and sentiment too strong,
So keen my sorrows, and so great her wrong.
Snatch'd in the morn of beauty's pride away
To sad Eliza's perfidy a prey.
Saw the canker-worm her bloom destroy,
Feed on her cheek, and wither every joy;
All pale and lifeless to this tomb convey'd
These guilty eyes beheld the guiltless maid:
Her only crime too great a love for thee
Who left her—like a perjur'd wretch for me,
Can I forget when first the morning shone
Which made the fair Constantia all thy own,
When she like Venus dress'd in all her pride,
And thou like young Adonis by her side,
Went to the church's hallow'd portals bent;
And piously before the altar bent;
How fair a scene of love and truth appear'd,
How were sacrilege to think it could be fear'd.
Thy thoughts incestuous in my bosom burn'd,
Thy eyes on dear Constantia only turn'd;
How wert too virtuous then to think on sin,
And I, perhaps, too youthful to begin.
How first how sweetly pass'd the minutes by,
How in her heart, and rapture in thy eye;
How o'er her form where'er that eye could rove,
How beauties blossom'd to attract thy love.
How smooth shone her polish'd forehead broad and fair
How with glossy rings of auburn hair;
How bright and blue as summer's cloudless skies
How radiant as the star of morn her eyes,
How dear these orbs, spring's freshest roses grew
How with lilies mix'd, and veins of violet blue;
How in her rip'ning lips were seen
How off by pearly rows of teeth within;

Autumn her swelling breast in part reveal'd,
Like fruit by modest foliage half conceal'd;
Her virtues like the polar winter's snows
Whose rigid frost no dissolution knows;
Her temper milder than the western breeze;
Her manner nature's unaffected ease.
With such an angel, roll'd thy hours away,
Love crown'd the night, and pleasure cheer'd the day.

Constantia blest'd in Henry's faithful arms,
And Henry more than happy in her charms.
But changeful fate grew envious of the scene,
And spread the tempest o'er the blue serene;
And sad Constantia views her alter'd lord
Indifferently fond, tho' still ador'd.
His once lov'd home, no more can pleasure boast,

And all the power of her charms is lost.
His cherub babes no more his feet detain,
But prattle o'er their little arts in vain.
From wife, from home, from children led astray,

In guilty pleasures glide the hours away.
But say, unhappy Henry, say the cause
Which bade thee first abandon virtue's laws,
For sake the pleasures of domestic life,
So fair an offspring and so fond a wife?
From what curs'd regions must the traitress rise,

What magic deserts hid from mortal eyes?
From what black caverns must the phantom spring,

Or what enchanted lurements could she bring?
If such there be—O! more than Circe foul,
Or Comus' monsters o'er the midnight bowl,
Or Alpine wolves that thro' the desert howl.
O! more abhor'd than Nero's bloody hand
Which slew his parent and oppress'd his lands:
More cruel than the savage of the wood
Whose joys are mis'ry, and whose banquet blood.

[live?
And think'st thou, Henry—such a wretch can
Oh! well thou know'st it, and can soon believe,

Thy guilty heart can speak the truth for me—
Eliza lives—and Henry—it is she.

The

The monster I, who from a sister's breast
Tore her fond partner, and her former rest;
O'er all her joys a sudden horror spread,
And damp'd the transports of the nuptial bed,
In darkness clos'd the splendour of her eye
Struck deep the root, and bad her beauties die.
And oh! when first a virgin yet and young,
When beauty on my face, temptation hung,
Why did I listen to thy serpent tongue?
And why could'st thou a virtuous wife forsake

With me incestuous pleasures to partake?
But thou wert man, by custom free to rove
Through all the trodden paths of lawless love;
Yet dear Constantia's husband still wert thou
By wedlock bound, and ev'ry sacred vow.
Guilty thou art, but how much more am I?
By blood allied, and ev'ry other tie,
By chastity, my sex's boast and pride,
By love, by friendship, innocence allied!
Thee as a partner in my guilt I hate
Great be thy torments, as thy sins were great.
For me no mis'ries can my crimes atone
Nor ask I mercy, since I merit none.
But here as trembling o'er her grave I stand
Despair presents the weapon to my hand,
And "blood for blood" awaken'd conscience cries,

For here a wife and sister murder'd lies.
I come, I come, and soon the crimson tide
O'er the white tomb of innocence shall glide,
'Tis done—adieu—ere this shall reach thine eyes

The poignard strikes me, and thy harlot dies,

VERSES to a FRIEND,

Whose Lady had lent the Author her Great
Coat to ride Home in during a Storm.
By the Same.

MY long approv'd, long esteem'd worthy
old friend
From your *Kintbury* cot, to the very *World's*
End†

I have ridden wrapt up most deliciously snug
In your *better part's* covering, I mean her Bath
Rug.

And thus like Eneas enclos'd in a cloud
Which beautiful Venus once lent him to
shroud

His mortal existence, I travell'd a pace
Tho' *Jupiter-pluvius* spit in my face.
And a fig for the man who in such a charm'd
robe

Would not laugh at the Gods while he tra-
vers'd the globe.

PRIVATEERING:

A New Ballad.

NOW, my jolly boys be ready,
Trim the French for idly sneering;

Steady, *British Tars*, be steady!
For the word is *Privateering*.

Now behold her flags are flying;
Hoist your sails, and bear upon her
Never idly dream of dying,
While you fight for England's honour,
Now a broadside pour into her,
Rake her fore and aft, my Tartars;
Board her at once, and shew her,
You nor give, nor ask for quarters.

Now the vessel, in your towing,
Calmly seeks the port of *Britain*;
And when you her gold are shewing,
Boastful what a prize you've hit on;

Then your buxom girls surround ye,
Praising all your gallant actions;
Tight and trim they ever found ye,
Still averse to feuds and factions.

Now again another trip boys,
Now your work begins to shorten;
Gaily put about the ship boys;
—Three such ventures make your fortune

Then to home and love retiring,
Lead your lives in ease and plenty;
But while *Britain's* guns are firing,
Let not idle lives content ye!

PROLOGUE

To the CAMP.

Written by RICHARD TICKELL, Esq.

THE stage is still the mirror of the day,
Where fashion's forms in bright suc-
cession play:

True to its end, what image can it yield,
In times like these, but the embattled field
What juster semblance than the glittering
plains

Of village warriors, and heroic swains?
Invasions, battles, now fill Rumour's breath
From camps to fleets, from Plymouth
Coxheath.

Through every rank some pannick terror
spread,

And each in varied phrase expresses their dread
At 'Change no vulgar patriot passions trip
The firm and philosophick—*Israelite*:
Ask him his hopes—" 'Tis all de shame
me!

I fix my wishes by my policy.
I'll do your Keppel; or, increase de *Barter*
You will, I'll underwrite de Duke of *Ches-*
tres."

Miss Titup, gasping from her stiff French
"Why, if these French should come, we
have French plays:

Upon my word, I wish these wars were
cease."

—Settling her tucker, while she sighs

* A Village near Hungerford, Wilts. † A Public House on the Bath Road, whence the Author (after the Storm was over) dispatched the Coat Home again, and whence this was written.

With wilder throbs the glutton's bosom
beats,
Anxious and trembling, for West-India fleets,
Sir Gobble Greentat felt in pangs of death,
The ruling passion taint his parting breath;
Such in the latest as in all the past;
Oh! save my turtle, Keppel!"—was his last.
No pang like this the Macaroni racks;
Calmly he dates the downfall of Almack's.
As Gad's my judge, I shall be glad to see
Our Paris friends here, for variety.
The Clubs are poor; let them their Louis
bring;
The invasion wou'd be rather *a good thing*.
Perish such fears! What can our arms op-
pose,
When female warriors join our martial'd
beaux.

Fierce from the toilet, the plum'd bands
appear;
Miss struts a major, ma'am a brigadier;
A spruce *Bonduca* simper in the rear.
Unusual watch *ber Femmes de Chambre* keep,
Militia phantoms haunt her in her sleep.
She starts, she wakes, she quivers, kneels, and
prays,
"Side-saddle my horse! ah! lace up my
stays!
Soft, soft; 'twas but a dream; my fears are
vain;
And *Lady Minikin's* herself again." —
Yet hold; nor let false ridicule profane
These fair associates of th' embattled plain:
Victorious wreaths their efforts justly claim,
Whose praise is triumph, and whose smiles
are fame.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

ON Wednesday a model of a statue to be erected to the memory of the Earl of Chatham, done by the same artist who executed that of Alderman Beckford, now placed at the bottom of Guildhall, was produced before the committee appointed by the city to consider thereof, when the committee approved of the same, and ordered it to be prepared with all expedition, and to be erected when finished, on the upper hustings in the city.

WEDNESDAY 4.

The Synod of Dumfries, after the example of that of Glasgow and Ayr, met on the 20th ult. and appointed a solemn fast on the first Thursday of December, on account of the abounding sin, and the present melancholy state of publick affairs. The Synod appointed their moderator to write to the Lord advocate, requesting him to oppose any alteration in the Roman Catholick laws in Scotland.

THURSDAY 5.

The following is the examination of William Briggs, commander of the sloop, *Brandy*, last from Dominica, with despatches from Governor Stewart to Rear-Admiral Barrington; taken at Barbadoes, Sept. 13. This examinant saith, that he sailed from Roisseau, in Dominica, on Monday the 7th instant, about eight in the evening, with an express to Admiral Barrington from Governor Stewart; that about five o'clock the night before, four French frigates and fifteen sloops from Martinique, sailed to windward off Dominica, at a place called Grand Bay, where they took
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the fort of Tenlixins; that they proceeded round Cressau Crew-head, where they made themselves masters of a second fort. That the first discovery which was made the next morning from Roisseau was that of the French flag flying at Cressau Crew Fort: that soon after the enemy's fleet, as above, was seen to turn the Point, and bend their course to the town of Roisseau; that the ships in the harbour, consisting of ten sail, immediately got under way, in order to escape, but were pursued by one of the frigates, and all taken except a brig, commanded by Capt. Gill, bound for Liverpool, a sloop belonging to Mr. James Weir and himself. And this examinant saith, that three sloops belonging to the enemy's fleet came to anchor in the road, whilst two of the frigates begun a smart cannonading, which continued without intermission till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when his distance carried him out of hearing; that every man in the town had marched out under arms, and nothing left in the streets but poor helpless women and children lamenting their misfortunes."

The fleet at the Leeward islands consists of the following ships, viz. Prince of Wales, 74 guns, Admiral Barrington; Boyne, of 70, Capt. Sayer; Aurora, Cummins, and Boreas, Thompson, of 28 guns each; Deal Castle, Parker; Ariadne, Pringle; Seaforth, Colpoys, and Hynde, Hooper, of 20 guns each; the Beaver, Ceres, Cygnet, Cupid, Favourite, and Grasshopper Sloops; and some vessels purchased by the admiral.

TUESDAY 10.

Yesterday several of the aldermen accompanied Sam. Plumble, Esq. the new lord-mayor to Westminster to be sworn in. They went in their carriages to the Three Cranes, and from thence proceeded in the city barge, attended by

by several of the companies, when, having landed, they went to Westminster-hall, where his lordship took the oaths appointed for the office at the Exchequer Bar; after which they returned by water to Black-Friars Bridge, and proceeded to Guildhall, where an elegant entertainment was provided.

THURSDAY 12.

Yesterday in the afternoon Mr. Powell, the noted walker, started from Lee-bridge, to run two miles in ten minutes for a wager, which he lost by only half a minute.

TUESDAY 24.

Letters from Quebec mention, that a large French transport had lately been wrecked in the gulph of the River St. Laurence, on board of which was found a large quantity of gunpowder, 2000 firelocks, and divers other military stores, to a considerable value.

WEDNESDAY 25.

At a court of alderman held yesterday at Guildhall, Mr. Oliver resigned his gown as alderman of the ward of Billingsgate.

FRIDAY, 27.

A letter from a gentleman at St. Vincent's to his friend in Yorkshire, dated Sept. 14th, says, "On the 10th instant we had a very severe shock of an earthquake, which was succeeded by a terrible storm on the 12th, which began at nine at night, and continued till three in the morning. On the 13th we had an account of the island of Dominica being taken by the French with 6000 men. The vessel that brought this intelligence informs, that the French left 1500 troops to garrison the island, the remainder returning to Martinico, and that they intended to attack this island in the course of a week, which I think is very probable. The French declared war against England in this part of the world on the 15th of July; and it seems strange that war has not been declared by England against them. If some effectual means be not soon taken to assist us, Great Britain will lose all her islands, by which thousands of her subjects will be ruined. It will no doubt surprise you that the French should be stripping us of our islands with a naval force of only five frigates".

MARRIAGES.

Nov. **A**T Edinburgh, William Miller, 10. Esq. advocate, son of the Right Hon. Lord Justice Clerk, to Miss Grizel Chalmers, daughter of George Chalmers, Esq.—A few days ago, at Altcar, in Lancashire, after a courtship of twenty-seven years, Mr. William Balshaw, in his 94th year, to Miss Peggy Billington, a little turned of 95.

DEATHS.

Nov. **M**RS. COTTON, wife of the Rev. Dr. Cotton, and daughter of the late

Sir Charles Tyrrel, Bart.—4. The Hon. Anne Arundell, relict of the Honourable Thomas Arundell, Count of the sacred Roman Empire.—5. Sir Thomas Ward Knight.—The worshipful and Reverend Dr. Wilton, dean of Carlisle, and rector of Turpenhow, in Cumberland.—6. The Right Honourable Lady Holland.—The right worshipful Sir George Hay, judge of the High Court of Admiralty of England, Dean of the Arches, judge of the prerogative court of Canterbury, president of the college of doctors of law exercent in the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty, and member for the borough of Newcastle under Line.—7. Lady Thorold, relict of Sir John Thorold, Bart. late of Cranwell, in Lincolnshire.—Lady Dowager Thorold, of Cranwell-Hall, near Sleasford in Lincolnshire, mother to Sir John Thorold, Bart. of Syston Hall, near Grantham.—8. Lieutenant William Lefevre, of the royal hospital Greenwich, the senior lieutenant of his majesty's navy.—22. In the 80th year of his age, the most noble Charles Douglas Duke of Queensberry in Scotland; also Duke of Dover, and Marquis of Beverly in England, and Lord Justice General in Scotland.—The Earl of Lincoln, member for the county of Nottingham, eldest son to the Duke of Newcastle, &c. His lordship died in France, on his way to Italy for the recovery of his health.—At Gibraltar, the Right Honourable Lady Helen Duff, late of Vice Admiral Duff, commander in chief on that station.—30. In Dublin Castle, the only son of his excellency the earl of Buckinghamshire, born in April 1777.—Ireland, Col. Gordon, brother to the earl of Aberdeen, and colonel of the new-raised battalion, called the 31st regiment.

Nov. 1. In the Royal Crescent, Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Burges, Lady of Gwent, Burges, Esq. and sister of the Right Hon. Lord Somerville.—2. Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, many years one of the barons of the Court of Exchequer.—3. In the 19th year of his age, Thomas Cockey, a poor labouring man. He constantly went to do labour till within three months of his death.—12. The Rev. Sir John Peshall, Bart.—Lady Codrington, wife of Sir William Codrington, of Dodington, in Gloucestershire, Bart.—A few days ago, in Stephen's-Green, Dublin, the Right Hon. the Earl of Cavendish, lieutenant-general of his majesty's forces.

BANKRUPTS.

PIERCE TEMPEST, of St. Andrew's Hall, above the Bars, Stationer.
Elizabeth Murray and James Fox, of Arlington, tailors and copartners.
Thomas Downing, of Chapel Street, Tottenham Court Road, south.
Thomas Holman, of Downham Market, in Norfolk, scrivener.
Richard Jenkinson, of Howden, in Yorkshire, dealer.

John Rowlands, of Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, shopkeeper.
 Samuel Scarlett, the elder, late of Tower Street, London, grocer.
 James Williams, late of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, coffee man.
 Thomas Holmes, of the parish of St. Margaret, Lothbury, London, taylor.
 Archibald Dalziel, late of Great St. Thomas the Apostle, in London, merchant.
 John Sivall, late of the parish of St. John, Wapping, Middlesex, block and mast maker.
 James Mathews, of Brewton, in Somersetshire, linen draper.
 John Simms, of Stanton, near the Bridge, in Derbyshire, dealer.
 Thomas Mofman, late of Moorgate, in the parish of Clarbion, in Nottingham, Woolstapler.
 John Parker, some time since of the parish of St. James Westminster, Robert Crowe, and David Tyrie, both some time since of Chad's Row, in the said parish of St. James, and all late of London, merchants.
 John Middleton, of South Moulton Street, in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, pawnbroker.
 Samuel Leacroft, of Charing Cross, in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, bookbinder.
 Cooke Elliott, of Holborn, London, haberdasher, glover and millener.
 William Backhouse, late of Vere Street, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in Middlesex, builder.
 James Robertson, of King's Lynn, in Norfolk, merchant.
 John Clarke, of New Malton, in Yorkshire, butterfactor.
 Courrier Flashman, of Exeter, farrier.
 William Hookey, late of Christ Church, Twynham, in Hants, Cooper and shopkeeper.
 Benjamin Greaves, of Tetlowfield, in the parish of Manchester, in Lancashire, merchant (surviving partner of James Allen, late of the same place, merchant, deceased).
 James Ogden, of Manchester, warehouseman and millner.
 John Parker, some time since of the parish of St. James Westminster, Middlesex, Robert Crowe and David Tyrie, both some time since of Chad's Row, in the parish of St. Pancras, and all late of London, merchants and partners.
 Thomas Eldall, of St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, gunpowder merchant.
 Robert Roper, of Bishopsgate Street, London, carpenter.
 James Wicksteed, of St. Martin's in the Fields, seal engraver.
 William Clowier, of Thakeham, in Sussex, shopkeeper.
 John Davies, of Wrexham, in Denbighshire, tallow-chandler.
 George Lovell, late of Hillington, in Middlesex, coachmaker.
 Richard Wright, of Attercliffe, in the parish of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, tallow chandler and soap boiler.
 Thomas Watkins, of Marthyr Tidal, in Glamorganshire, iron master.
 Joshua Kisson, of St. John, Wapping, ship-chandler.
 Peter Becher, of Wokingham, in Berkshire, maltster.
 James Watton, of Walsall, in Staffordshire, linen draper.
 Thomas Garrard, of Ipswich, in Suffolk, banker and merchant.
 William Sawrey, of Henrietta Street, St. Paul, Covent Garden woolen draper.
 Thomas Page, of little Queen Street, St. Giles's in the Fields, coachmaker.
 James McDonnell, of South Street, St. Mary le Bonne (but now a prisoner in the King's Bench prison) stone mason.
 Robert Barrett, of Poplar, in Middlesex, mariner.
 John Harrington, late of Skipton, in Holderness, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, but now a prisoner in the Castle of York, mariner.
 Richard Bowen, of Coventry, printer, bookseller, and stationer.
 Thomas Norris, of Duke Street, St. Margaret, Westminster, chymist.

Cornelius Tongue, of Womborne, in Staffordshire, ironmonger.
 Walter Lazon, of Brandon, in Warwickshire, paper-maker.
 Thomas Waller, of Norwich, linen draper.
 John Carruthers, late of Guards, in Cumberland, dealer.

CAMP INTELLIGENCE.

Coxbeath, Nov. 4.

YESTERDAY morning at nine o'clock, each regiment being made exceedingly neat the several companies were paraded.

About eleven their majesties passed the village of Farley, when the park of artillery fired a royal salute of 23 pieces; on their approach to the flank of the cavalry, the first squadron having drawn their swords, the battalion guns of the Royal Scots, encamped on their right, were fired, which were followed by the Royal Irish, on the extremity of the left wing, and continued successively from right, left, and centre, till the several cannon of each corps had discharged one round.

His majesty alighted from his carriage at the right of the encampment, escorted by the horse-guards, and attended by Gen. Lord Amherst, and several other officers of distinction, and rode down the front of the lines from right to left. Her majesty followed in her carriage, attended by Lady Edgcombe, and the Marquis of Caermarthen, chamberlain to her Majesty, the Marquis of Lothian, and General Carpenter: having proceeded to the extremity of the left wing, they returned in the same order to the front of the royal marquee, round which canvas was drawn, and the entrance was laid with turf, where they were received by Lord Amherst, Generals Keppel, Amherst, and Morris, the bands of musick playing "God save the King." His majesty took post on the right, and the queen continued in her carriage. On a signal from a cannon, the dragoons began their march, led by Gen. Amherst, and passing in review, the colours being dropped, and the officers saluting the king and queen. These were succeeded by the Royal Scots, the artillery, and pioneers in front, and led by Gen. Keppel, who having saluted their majesties, wheeled outwards and attended the king. The rest of the regiments, headed by their respective colonels followed according to seniority, the colours and officers of each paying a double salute, the musick halting in front of the royal marquee, playing the grenadiers march. Having passed in review, and marched to the extremity of the left wing, each corps formed in the rear of their respective lines, while the grenadiers and light infantry drew up in front of the king's marquee, and supported a short but brisk firing, in imitation of a real attack.

The grenadiers and light corps, on a signal, then formed, and passed in review, led by their respective colonels of brigade, and saluted their majesties,

3 X 2

Their

These manœuvres and firings being finished, the line was again formed from right to left, when his majesty advancing in front, received another salute, and a general discharge of cannon and artillery commenced in grand divisions.

The several divisions fired 18 rounds a man, in battalion and grand divisions, with the nicest time and exactness, and concluded with a grand volley of the whole.

The Duchesses of Devonshire, Grafton, and Gordon, Lady Cranburn, and many other ladies (wives of commanding officers) were introduced to the king and queen in the royal marquee; after which the officers of the whole army, who had not been previously introduced, had the honour to kiss their majesties hands.

The whole concluded about four o'clock, and their majesties proceeded to Leeds Castle.

The concourse of people who were present was innumerable; the day was remarkable fine, and every thing was conducted much to the satisfaction of all the commanders.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Gosport, Oct. 28.

THERE are now arrived at Spithead 28 sail of Admiral Keppel's fleet, and the remainder are hourly expected. The whole are to be made ready for sea again with all possible despatch. Admiral Keppel went on shore at Portsmouth last night. They have taken ten sail of French West-Indiamen, and carried some into Plymouth, and brought the others into Spithead.

Bristol, Nov. 25. Two vessels are arrived here from New York: they left Sandy-Hook the 19th of October. General Clinton is returned, having been on a foraging party, but had taken by surprize a troop of horse, called Lady Washington's volunteers. Colonel Baylor was killed. No Troops had been sent to the West Indies, only a re-inforcement to Halifax, which sailed the 19th of October, when Admiral Byron sailed with 12 ships of the line to the eastward.

The Raleigh frigate was taken by the Experiment and Unicorn, and carried into New-York, but the captain and 100 men got on Shore. A manifesto of the commissioners is published previous to their departure for England. Lord Carlisle and Mr. Eden are on their passage home. The Levant, of New-York, blew up in an engagement with the Hancock privateer, only 17 men were saved, 113 perished. The engagement happened off the Island of Jamaica, where martial law is proclaimed, and where flour is so scarce that it sells for 20l. per barrel. The French have 14 sail of the line and frigates cruising between Ushant

and Scilly, and our merchants are alarmed by reports of a Dutch War; the gloom that appeared this day on 'Change is beyond description.

The re-inforcement gone to Halifax went in 17 sail, big and little.

I R E L A N D.

Drogheda, October 21.

THE gentlemen of this town are following the laudable example of the other parts of the kingdom, by forming an independent company of militia here; they are to be commanded by Hugh Montgomery Lyons, Esq. our present mayor, who has wrote to government for arms; their uniform is to be scarlet faced with blue, white waistcoats and breeches.

Dublin, Nov. 14. Every day exhibits a most melancholy picture of the times, when we meet, from the pressing necessities of hunger and nakedness, numbers of the poor, distressed manufacturers soliciting alms in the streets.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, Oct. 27, 1778.

THE despatches, of which the following are extracts, from General Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, to the Right Honourable Lord George Germaine, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state were received on Sunday last, from Lieutenant Grove, of his majesty's ship the Apollo, which left New-York on the 17th of September, and arrived at Plymouth on the 23d instant.

Copy of a Letter from Major General Pigot to General Sir Henry Clinton, dated Newport, Rhode Island, Aug 31, 1778.

THOUGH by several letters since the 29th of July last, more especially by that I had the honour of writing by Lieutenant Colonel Stuart and the accuracy of his intelligence, your excellency will have been informed of the state of affairs here to the 28th instant; yet, as many of those letters, from the uncertainty of the communication may not have reached you, a summary of the transactions since the 29th of July, when the French fleet arrived, to the last period, will not be unnecessary, and may help to explain subsequent events.

From the first appearance of the fleet to the 8th instant, our utmost exertions were directed to removing to places of security the provisions, ammunition, military and naval stores, which were either on board ship, or on the wharfs, preparing a fortified camp, and disposing every thing for resisting the combined attacks of the French and rebels upon us; and I immediately withdrew from Conanicut Brown's provincial corps, and

two regiments of Anspach, which had been stationed there. The next morning the guns on the Beaver Tail and Dumplin batteries, the former of which was directed with some effect against two line of battle ships that entered the Narraganzet Passage, were rendered unserviceable, as the fleet entering the harbour would cut off all communication with that island; of which the French admiral soon took a temporary possession, and landed the marines of his squadron. During this period, from the movements of the French ships in the Seaconet on the 30th, the King's Fisher and two galleys were obliged to be set on fire; and afterwards on the 31st instant, the four advanced frigates, from the approach of two of the enemy's line of battle ships from the Narraganzet were likewise destroyed, after saving some of their stores, and securing the landing of the seamen.

When it was evident the French fleet were coming into the harbour, it became necessary to collect our forces, and withdraw the troops from the north parts of the island, which was accordingly done that evening. I likewise ordered all the cattle on the island to be driven within our lines, leaving only one cow with each family, and every carriage and intrenching tool to be secured, as the only measures that could be devised to distress the rebels, and impede their projects.

On the 8th instant at noon, the French fleet (which from its first appearance had continued, with little variation, at anchor about three miles from the mouth of the harbour) got under way, and standing in under a light sail, kept up a warm fire on Brenton's Point, Goat Island, and the North Batteries, which were manned by the crews of the destroyed frigates, and commanded by Capt. Christian, and Lieut. Forster and Otway of the navy, who returned the fire with great spirit and in a good direction. The last of these works had been previously strengthened, and some transports took in its front, as an effectual measure to block up the passage between it and Rose Island.

The next morning we had the pleasure to see the English fleet, and I immediately sent a board to communicate to Lord Howe our situation, and that of the enemy. By nine o'clock the following day the French fleet passed our batteries, and sailed out of the harbour, firing on them as before, and having returned with equal spirit on our side. This cannonade from the ships on both sides, very fortunately not one man was hurt, nor any injury done, except to some houses in the town.

I shall now proceed to inform your excellency of the movements of the enemy from the 9th instant, when they landed at Swan Island's Ferry.

The badness of the weather for some days must have prevented their transporting of stores, or being in readiness to approach us, as they did not make their appearance near us until the 14th, when a large body took possession of Honyman's-Hill.

To repel any attempts from that quarter, a breastwork was directed to be made along the heights from Green-End to Irish's Redoubt, which was strengthened by an abatis.

On the 17th the enemy was discovered breaking ground on Honyman's Hill, on the summit of which, and on the right of the Green-End-Road, they were constructing a battery. The next day another was commenced by them for five guns to their left, and in a direct line with the former, which was prepared for four. On this day a line of approach was likewise begun by them from the battery on the right to Green-End-Road, which works we endeavoured to obstruct by keeping a continual fire on them. The 19th the enemy opened their left battery, which obliged our encampment to be removed farther in the rear. This day we began another line, for the greater security of our left, from Irish's Redoubt to Fomini-Hill; and I directed a battery of one twenty-four and two eighteen pounders to be raised on our right breastwork to counter-act those of the enemy, which was opened the following day, when they were observed busied in forming a second approach from the first, to a nearer distance on the road.

At noon the French fleet again came in view, much disabled, and anchored off the port, where it continued till the 22d, when it finally disappeared.

This day the rebels were constructing two other batteries, much lower down the hill than the former, one on the right for five, the other on the left of Green-Hill-road for seven guns, both which were opened the next day, when I found it necessary to attempt silencing them, and therefore ordered a battery for seven heavy guns on commanding ground, near Green-end, which, from the obstructions given by the enemy's fire, could not be completed till the 25th, when the rebels thought proper to close the embrasures of their lower batteries, and make use of them for mortars. During this time they had been constructing, on the height of the East-road, another for one of 13 inches, and this day began a third approach in front, and to the right of the lower batteries.

The 26th, observing the enemy to discontinue their works, and learning from deserters, they were removing the officers baggage and heavy artillery, I detached Lieut. Col. Bruce, with 100 men of the 54th regiment, in the night over Easton's Beach in quest of intelligence, who with great address surprised and brought off a picquet of two officers and 25 men, without any loss.

Some

Some of Col. Fanning's corps, at different times, exerted themselves in taking off people from the enemy's advanced posts; but little intelligence to be depended upon was ever obtained from them; nor were other attempts to procure it more efficacious, as from all that could be learned, it was doubtful whether their intentions were to attack our lines or retreat.

On the 27th the Sphynx and two other ships of war arrived; and I had the honour of being informed by Colonel Stuart of your excellency's intention to re-inforce this post.

On the following day the Vigilant galley took a station to cover the left flank of our army; and at ten o'clock that night the rebels made an attempt to surprise a subaltern's picquet from the Anspach corps, but were repulsed, after killing one man, and wounding two others.

The 29th at break of day, it was perceived that the enemy had retreated during the night, upon which Major-General Prescott was ordered to detach a regiment from the second line under his command, over Easton's Beach, towards the left flank of the enemy's encampment, and a part of Brown's corps was directed to take possession of their works. At the same time Brigadier-General Smith was detached with the 22d and 43d regiments, and the flank companies of the 38th and 54th, by the East-road. Major-General Lofsberg marching by the West-road, with the Hessian chasseurs and the Anspach regiments of Voit and Seaboth, in order, if possible, to annoy them in their retreat; and upon receiving a report from Gen. Smith, that the rebels made a stand, and were in force upon Quaker's-hill. I ordered the 54th and Hessian regiment of Huyn, with part of Brown's corps, to sustain him; but before they could arrive, the perseverance of Gen. Smith, and the spirited behaviour of the troops, had gained possession of the strong post on Quaker's-Hill, and obliged the enemy to retire to their works at the North-end of the island. On hearing a smart fire from the chasseurs engaged on the West-road, I despatched Col. Fanning's corps of Provincials to join Gen. Lofsberg, who obliged the rebels to quit two redoubts made to cover their retreat, drove them before him, and took possession of Turkey-Hill. Towards evening, an attempt being made by the rebels to surround and cut off the chasseurs, who were advanced on the left, the regiments of Fanning and Huyn were ordered up to their support, and, after a smart engagement with the enemy, obliged them to retreat to their main body on Windmill-Hill.

After these actions the enemy took post in great numbers on Windmill-Hill, and employed themselves in strengthening that advantageous situation.

This night the troops lay on their arms on the ground they had gained, and directions were given for bringing up the camp equipage. Artillery was likewise sent for, and preparations made to remove the rebels from the redoubts; but by means of the great number of boats, they retreated in the night of the 30th over Bristol and Howland's Ferry; thus relinquishing every hold on the island, and resigning to us its entire possession.

Copy of a letter from Major General Grey to General Sir Henry Clinton, dated on board the Carysfort, Whitestone, Sept. 18, 1778.

S I R,

IN the evening of the 4th instant, the fleet, with the detachment under my command, sailed from New London, and stood to the Eastward with a very favourable wind. We were only retarded in the run from thence to Buzzard's Bay, by the altering our course for some hours in the night, in consequence of the discovery of a strange fleet, which was not known to be Lord Howe's until morning. By five o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, the ships were at anchor in Clarke's Cove, and the boats having been previously hoisted out, the debarkation of the troops took place immediately. I proceeded without loss of time to destroy the vessels and stores, in the whole extent of Accushnet River, (about six miles) particularly at Bedford and Fair-Haven, and having dismantled and burnt a fort on the East-side of the river, mounting 11 pieces of heavy cannon, with a magazine and barracks, completed the re-embarkation before noon the next day. I refer your Excellency to the next return for the enemy's losses, as far as we are able to ascertain them, and for our own casualties.

The wind did not admit of any further movement of the fleet the 6th and 7th, than hauling a little distance from the shore. Advantage was taken of this circumstance to burn a large privateer ship on the stocks, and to send a small armament of boats, with two galleys, to destroy two or three vessels, which being in the stream, the troops had not been able to set fire to.

From the difficulties in passing out of Buzzard's Bay into the Vineyard Sound through Quickset's Hole, and from Head Winds, the fleet did not reach Holmes Hole-harbour, in the island of Martha's Vineyard, until the 10th. The transports with the light infantry, grenadiers, and 53d regiment, were anchored without the harbour, as I had at that time a service in view for those corps, whilst the business for collecting cattle should be carrying on upon the island. I was obliged by contrary winds to relinquish my designs.

On our arrival off the harbour, the inhabitants sent persons on board to ask my

ensions with respect to them, to whom a requisition was made of the arms of the militia, the publick money, 300 oxen, and 20,000 sheep. They promised each of these articles should be delivered without delay. I afterwards found it necessary to send small detachments into the island, and detain the deputed inhabitants for a time, in order to accelerate their compliance with the demand.

The 12th I was able to embark on board the vessels, which arrived that day from Rhode-Island, 6000 sheep, and 130 Oxen.

The 13th and 14th were employed in embarking cattle and sheep on board our own fleet; in destroying some saltworks; in burning or taking in the inlets what vessels and boats could be found, and in receiving the arms of the militia. I here again refer your Excellency to returns.

On the 15th the fleet left Martha's Vineyard; and after sustaining the next day a severe gale of wind, arrived the 17th at Whitestone, without any material damage.

I hold myself much obliged to the commanding officers of corps, and to the troops in general, for the alacrity with which every service was performed. I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES GREY, M. G.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 14. Extracts of despatches from Vice Admiral Montagu, Commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels at Newfoundland, to Mr. Stephens, received by the Hawke sloop, lately arrived from that island at Spithead.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Evans to Vice-Admiral Montagu, dated St. Peter's Road, Sept. 17, 1778.

I ARRIVED here the 14th instant with his majesty's ships under my command, and immediately sent Capt. Montagu to the governor, to acquaint him, that as the French had committed hostilities in America, I came here to demand a surrender of the islands of St. Peter's, Miquelon, and its dependencies, to his Britannick majesty, and demanded an answer in half an hour.

The governor sent the inclosed proposals, which I returned the answer also inclosed, and sent Capt. King, of the Pallas, and Major Wemyss, with 117 and a party of artillery, to take possession of the place, which was immediately delivered up to them.

I have not yet been able to get an exact return of the arms and ammunition in the islands: but the number of inhabitants is said to be about 3000, the greater part of them capable of bearing arms.

I have despatched the Bonavista sloop to Halifax, agreeable to your order, to desire the number of Transports may be sent here to carry the inhabitants to France, there being here only two brigs, one snow, and a small schooners; and the scarcity of provisions in the islands will not admit of

victualling properly even the few inhabitants they can contain, neither are there any water-casks here fit to hold water in: however, I propose to send away the governor, his council, troops, and principal inhabitants, in the vessels that are here, as soon as possible; but to accomplish that will require more time than was expected.

I shall destroy all the fishing-stages, store-houses, and shallops, and the houses in the town, as the inhabitants embark from them.

I shall send Capt. Chamberlayne, of his majesty's sloop Martin, to Miquelon to-night, if the wind will permit, to send round the civil and military officers to be embarked with the governor for France, when a vessel can be got ready.

Extract of a letter from the Baron de L'Esperance to Commodore Evans, dated at St. Peter's Sept. 14, 1778.

THE formidable force you have brought with you, knowing I had it not in my power to oppose it, obliges me to condescend to your summons, on condition, that myself and the small garrison shall quit with all the honours of war, as the officer who brought your orders has promised.

I demand, first, that all the attention in your power may be paid to the officers in the civil and military departments in my government. Secondly, that the inhabitants shall take away their effects from their houses, and also their fish; and that they shall be sent to France in a sufficient number of transports, that there may be no risk of perishing before their arrival. Thirdly, that we shall enjoy the exercise of our religion during our stay in the colony. Fourthly, that the small number of vessels in these islands shall remain the property of their respective proprietors. Lastly, sir, I expect you will take care to place proper guards to prevent any insults to my people. In proof of my condescension to your demand, I send you three hostages.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Evans to the Baron de L'Esperance, dated St. John's Road, the 15th Sept. 1778.

IN answer to your letter of yesterday, by the officer whom I sent to you, to summon you to surrender the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon to his Britannick majesty, which you have thought proper to do under particular articles; agreeable to your request, the troops shall be permitted to march out of the town with all the honours of war; the officers, civil and military, and the other inhabitants of the town, may remain in their respective houses till an opportunity offers of sending them to France.

There will be no interruption in the exercise of their religion, and care shall be taken that no insults be given them.

In consideration of my granting you these terms, you shall upon your honour give a true

true and faithful account of the number of inhabitants, distinguishing their sexes, with an account of all ordnance, arms, ammunition, and all other warlike stores, together with the number of vessels, fishing-boats, fish, oil, and other merchandise, that are in the said islands; all which shall be delivered up to such officers as I may think proper to appoint to receive them, and to be disposed of in such manner as I shall think proper. And the inhabitants may be assured of all the indulgence it may be in my power to grant them, during their stay on these islands. I shall land a detachment of troops on the island, when the officer returns who is charged with this letter, and the hostages will be delivered up as soon as English colours shall be hoisted at St. Peter's.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THEY write from Constantinople, that on the 4th of September a Fire broke out in the quarter of the Schismatick Greeks, which lasted 13 hours, and burnt 1000 houses belonging to those Greeks, 200 belonging to the Catholics, and 1000 Turkish shops and houses, with four mosques, and it cost the patriarch 7000 piastres to save the Church of St. Matthias.

The Empress of Russia has caused it to be notified to the court of Sweden, that it was her desire to see the affairs of Germany settled, agreeable to the peace of Westphalia, which it not immediately agreed to she shall

make it a common cause with the kingdom Prussia. The empress has ordered a like declaration to be made at Paris.

A letter from Ratisbon, dated Oct. 13th, says, the rescript addressed to the electoral minister of Hanover, which has been circulated here for some days, leaves us no room to doubt of the sentiments of his Britannick majesty, as elector of Hanover, with regard to the affairs of Bavaria.

This rescript says, 'That his majesty thinks for more than one reason that he ought to invite his co-estates to deliberate maturely and seriously upon the measures to be taken in the present conjuncture, and particularly to insist that the 21st, 5th, and 8th articles of the imperial capitulations be inviolably observed, and that the pretensions of all the parties interested in the succession of Bavaria should be laid before, examined, and determined by the states of the Empire; for which purpose it was indispensibly necessary that the proper representations on that head should be laid before the Imperial court. That his majesty could not but with great displeasure see that in the present contest, the parties had not immediately recourse to the above mentioned method, which would probably have prevented the present war, and that he is ready to concert with any of his co-estates who may adopt his sentiments upon the proper and most efficacious measures to render justice to all parties interested in the succession of Bavaria, according to their respective rights and pretensions.'

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Modern Fine Lady, a ballad, sent to us as an original, appeared in news-paper long before. It is requested as a favour that these attempts deceive the Editor and the public may be no longer practised.

A. Z. is respectfully acquainted, that it is not possible for us to disoblige our friends, by postponing original poetry, for the sake of republications; as it is, displeasure is often hazarded by unavoidable delay; for it is remarkable, that in one prose writer, there are generally six or eight productions in verse. The Magazine A. Z. refers to for the month of June must convince him that we have been consistent in our veneration for the late Earl of Chatham. No separate publication was ever made of The History of the last War, begun, continued, and concluded in the London Magazines.

The new description of St. Pierre and Miquelon, did not come to hand in time for this month, but it will appear in the Magazine for the next.

The kind offer of Robert Short, junior, is thankfully accepted; and as soon as the publisher is favoured with his address, the Magazine shall be forwarded accordingly.

Some of our ingenious correspondents are requested to oblige us with their sentiments on the following subjects: What is the best method to make pump-water soft?—Does drinking hard water tend to breed the gravel; if it does, how to prevent it?—Is jealousy a proof of love?—What historical account can be given of the origin of duels, after the suppression of judicial combats?—The answers to be sent in, if possible, before the end of the year.